

ISSUE 120

475

DR. WHO R

PRIVATE PORTRAITS
OF PROUD MEN
IML Contestants
let it all hang out!

DRUMMER MAN: JimEd Thompson

remembered

MR. DRUMMER CONTEST 1988

*The time of
Judgement approaches*

Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge!

GRUNGE
by Michael Agreve

GREASED PIG
by Jay Shaffer

HIGH PERFORMANCE
by Bill D. Starwalt

REX

**Story
Contest
1988**

Put your mind
and your hand to work!
You could
win!

DRUMMER



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Drummer



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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Timothy Patrick Barrus

OFF THE TOP

OFF THE TOP: THROWING DOWN THE CREATIVE GAUNTLET . . .

When "erotica" works there is an element to the mystery that is somewhat outrageously incorrigible. The most extravagant thing about being involved with *Drummer* on a day-to-day basis is the moral incongruity that goes hand-in-hand with holding down something called a job (work isn't supposed to be fun any more than sex is supposed to be pleasurable), where what you do all day gets you hard and horny. I am thankful that I have the kind of desk where you can't see if the Associate Editor is playing with himself. Orgasm is an occupational hazard. Incorrigible erotica as we know it is going through some repressive times, and currently the old girl needs all the outrageous incorrigibility that she can get. But then erotica has evolved through an awful lot of human history. It's this place where society's limits get stretched. And when you're out there dancing on the edge—stretching limits—you want to be putting out the best sexual razzle-dazzle possible. I want to continue *Drummer's* ability to open doors you never knew existed. I want to throw down a gauntlet and I want to invite you to contribute to this outrageous publication. If you have the artistic gonads,

Drummer is both a creative journey and an orgasmic destination which has experienced the impressive likes of Preston, Opel, Chester, Travis, Rex, Wigler, Ward, Etienne, Cavelo (the list, here, is extensive and unfortunately I am omitting many) who have all struggled/wrestled with the likes of *Drummer* in a collective relationship that resembles an exhaustive whirlwind of leather seduction. All of these people, this kaleidoscopic itch, have helped to polish the razzle-dazzle of the gay male experience into a brilliant sexual symphony. With our art and our message we are involved, here, in the process of creating our own cultural mythology. Our own heros. Our own sensibility around who and what—matters.

I have often wondered just exactly what it is many of the (tasteful) writers in such gay publications as let's say *Christopher Street* are trying to say. And I have often wondered if any of the "Lavender Quill" boys could write anything that might actually get my dick hard. It'd be somewhat interesting to lay down a gauntlet to them—hey, boys, have any of you got what it takes to reach out to gay

men in such a way as to turn them on and in the process—often—make them think.

The reality is that what separates *Drummer* from many other gay publications is the fact that at *Drummer* the bottom line remains how good the material is, whatever you've created, is it hot (?), does it reach out and relate to who we are, does it take us places we've never been or only been on the fringes of, does it make us laugh, does it reach down into us and grab us in ways only rarely touched, does it make us want to explore, expand . . . Does the work celebrate? Does it have a heart and a soul? Does it have a certain sort of darkness, roughness, balanced tenderness, sensuality? Will it get our tits all hard-and-nubby? Our focus is sex, sometimes it's in your face, or it might only be suggested, raunch-or-whispers . . .

In the next year *Drummer* will showcase exciting new erotic talent because we have a long-standing openness around developing, nurturing artists who grow. You'll read David May. You'll see hard-cock-and-handcuffs by Drew Nicholas, and we'll expose you to a leather-wild European photographer, Peter Van der Pers. We'll cover a week of leather-readings at A Different Light bookstore in San Francisco in November—an opportunity for writers of Leatherlit to receive some of the long overdue recognition they deserve. An opportunity for you to meet people whose work you have read and been moved by. In the coming year Desmodus will expose you to a new compelling Japanese illustrator by the name of Gen, and you'll see the publicly exhibited work of such artists as the Hun, Rex, and Chester reviewed on the pages of *Drummer* because this is the place where such brashly sexual contributions are valued and appraised. Stretching limits.

You'll find yourselves reading an ongoing series—"Beirut"—by Aaron Travis set in the Middle East; in the middle of men and chaos and war. You'll read an interview on piercing (you won't find one of those on the pages of *The Advocate*) with Master Piercer, Jim Ward. We will interview men on the erotic fringes of video—Christopher Rage, Michael Goodwin, Jack Fritscher, all creative madmen mixing up variations of erotica very much outside the mainstream point

of view. From the perspective of these folks the point of view (sex) seems radically different. You will see a vast sea of leather-clad sweating bodies when we cover the Mr. Drummer Contest.

You will be infused with hot fiction, hot action, hot fetish features, and the work of folks who are quite simply the best gay artists currently on the scene. We invite—challenge—our readers to contribute. Writers, artists, leather madmen, photographers, creative warriors out there on the fringes. Some of the most inharmoniously talented folks I know are also plumbers, construction workers, mechanics, blue collar basic, only they have something to say and in *Drummer* they say it. Our readers are our contributors. If the government-powers-that-be are going to work themselves into a censorship sweat over what might or might not appear in *Drummer*, then let's give them something to sweat about. Something about obsession, something about rut lust, something about wrestled fuck, something about that one time you allowed him to tie you up, something about the scene where you were spanked because you deserved it; you had it coming, you wanted it you didn't want it but you wanted it. Give me something irresistible about the taste of a certain gag, something about ecstasy and strength and leather and luxuriant domination and the serious rapture of fathomless orgasm.

Drummer throws down the artistic-sexual gauntlet. Check out our Rex Story Contest. Let it turn you on because turning people on to the beauty inside them is still a radical wonderful thing to do. Send me work that makes YOUR dick hard. Stretch my limits. Challenge my imagination. Tease my crazy cock. Stick your hand into my brain, grab ahold, and twist. Give me your magnetic inner instincts, your voluptuous visions. When it comes to the madness of creativity I am ravenous. I am addicted. I want it now. Make me beg for it. Make me squeal like the literary pig that I am. Come on, Daddy, make me squirm and jism . . .

If you have the whopping balls.

—Tim Barrus

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MALE CALL

POTS & KETTLES

Your review of *Manifest Reader* (*Drummer* 117) seems to fit into that unique category of the pot calling the kettle black! A total of 15 ads in your own publication, out of 97 pages are for your own publishing company's various enterprises. Your company is woefully behind schedule in the publishing of the other "quarterly" magazines they tout. Much of your artwork, photography, and stories are alleged to have been redone from previous editions. (Just read your *Male Call* section!) And your complaint about more illustrations is echoed in your own publication.

Maybe it is time for the leather erotic publishers to stop bealing each other senseless—and start cooperating and improving upon their own product—then we all would stop having publications/publishers/reviewers that exhibit such a lack of respect for their audience. Unfortunately for us you have us where you want us—you're the only game in town. But don't become too complacent.

F.W./Los Angeles

The above letter was addressed to Thor Stockman, author of the review. I must point out that Mr. Stockman has nothing more to do with Desmodus, Inc. than FW has. He is completely independent of *Drummer* and the other aspects of our company. He inquired if we would be interested in a review of the *Manifest Reader* and we said yes. We published the review he submitted. I think it is appropriate for us to have reviewed an important new contribution to Leather literature. I also think it is important to review it honestly, which I believe Mr. Stockman has done. (Victor Terry's review, also unsolicited, in *DungeonMaster* 35 is quite similar in general view) I think that both reviews are, overall, favorable and encourage the readers to buy the new product.

However, since FW wishes to compare the *Manifest Reader* with *Drummer*, let us do so:

Drummer 117 contains 12 "house" ads (I don't know where FW found the other three to get his 15). These take up 9½ pages of the 100 page magazine. In the *Manifest Reader*, house ads occupy nearly 26 pages out of the 100. That seems to me to be a rather significant difference. All display ads in *Drummer* 117 combined occupy only 24½ pages, just under 25% of the magazine. All display ads in the *Manifest Reader* combine to 29½ pages, just under 30% of the total. In *Drummer* 118, the total number of pages occupied by house ads is only 5½, and there are only 18½ pages of display ads total in the 100 pages of magazine!

It is true that we are behind schedule with the publication of the quarterlies. However, the situation is considerably less "woeful" than it used to be. In the 22 months that we have been at the helm of *Drummer*, we have published 5 issues of *Mach* as compared to the 10 issues published in the 7 years from 1980 to 1986. (Actually I don't know when the first two issues were published, they do not have dates in them. #3 is dated 1980, #1 could have been in '79.) In the same 22 months we have published 4 issues of *FQ*, compared to the 5 issues published in the 3 years 1984-1986. We have also published four issues of *DungeonMaster* and three of *The Sandmupotia Guardian*. Thus, in 22 months, we have published 16 issues of the various quarterlies. This is not nearly the frequency we want, but it is definitely moving in the right direction and is a considerable improvement over the previous situation.

The "allegations" of redone material are actually very sparse in our *Male Call* section, and are, I think adequately defended or explained when they happen. A reputation for the reuse of material that came along with the purchase is one of the images we have had to work to dispel. I do not criticize the reuse of material, good stuff can be good several times over. I do criticize its reuse without mentioning its previous incarnation. Good it may be,

"exciting new" it is not. By the way, the fact that there have been critical letters to this effect in our *Male Call* column is more a reflection of our willingness to publish criticism than any increase in the number of critical letters.

As for the comment about more illustrations, as you pointed out it is one that we ourselves have made, and as you can see starting with *Drummer* 118, it is an objective we are realizing, including not only more and better illustrations, but color nudes as well.

Man does not live by one magazine alone. I welcome the *Manifest Reader* to an all too small community of Leather publications. I praise John Embry for having founded *Drummer* and for making it THE Leatherman's magazine for the US and the world. We intend to keep it in that position. And I wish him good fortune with his new creations. We here at Desmodus, Inc. do most definitely agree that all of us concerned with leather publishing, including our readers, must work together, cooperate, to improve the status quo. But in doing so we must deal with each other honestly and truthfully, it is only by not doing this that we "show a lack of respect for our audience."

—Anthony F. DeBlase

LITERARY TIRADE

It is an extremely unusual occurrence that a review article should elicit such a strong reaction in me. However, Tim Barrus' review of Edmund White's *The Beautiful Room Is Empty* created such a reaction. Mr. Barrus' entire review seems to be a bitter and vituperative attack upon Mr. White, rather than an objective review of the novel or its literary merit. It is also rather puzzling why the novel itself was selected for review, since it is not of particular interest to the *Drummer* readership and evidently was selected as a vehicle for Mr. Barrus' tirade. There does not appear to be much question at this time that Mr. White is one of the few stars of contemporary writing. Gay or

Otherwise. His literature is elegant, polished, urbane, technically smooth, and sparks with original wit. He deals with aspects of society both Gay and in general, which are of interest as a reflection of his own personal experience. Why one should force themselves to create a leather experience when it is not a part of their psyche, as Mr. Barrus seems to insist, is beyond one's understanding. Mr. Barrus also seems to be sadly lacking of a full knowledge of Mr. White's literature. In White's wonderful novel of social advancement in a mythical decadent society, *Caracole*, Mr. White describes aspects of captivity and S&M both from the physical and psychological points of view with a skill and insight rarely if ever achieved by the so called writers of the leather community. It is *Caracole* which should have been reviewed as a representative novel of interest to the *Drummer* readership. In *The Beautiful Room is Empty*, Mr. White deals with the experience of those who are now, shall we say, of a certain age in the gay & leather S&M scene. There are other areas of evolution and these are the aspects with which Mr. White deals with such skill in *Beautiful Room*. I found personal animosity at Mr. Barrus' attack, because much of the experience which Mr. White deprecatingly described is indeed my own personal experience. The angst of coming out and discovering one's gay identity within that particular quite limited and privileged subculture is something of value, merit, and certainly worthy of consideration and presentation in a skillful literary style. The reaction is that Mr. Barrus is perhaps envious of both Mr. White's skill and success and inappropriately used the review as a vehicle for bitter spite.

Andrew V. Charles/San Francisco, CA

FW of Los Angeles should need no further proof that Desmodus, Inc. allows its reviewers the "Academic Freedom" to speak their mind and think on their own. Their opinions are obviously not dictated or censored in any way by the management.

—AFD

REGIONAL EXCITEMENT!

Greetings from the newest member of the *Drummer* Jet-Lag set! Why didn't anyone tell me in all these years that a regional Mr. Drummer contest could be so much fun? I've just returned from the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer '88 Contest in Charlotte, NC, my head abuzz with the fabulous hospitality afforded me and the (otherwise) all-star panel of hunky, young, award-winning beef (I mean judges) by Robert E. Sheets and his coordinating staff! My goodness, does that young man know how to throw a party... and a contest! Made me feel like a

genuine artist instead of a some-time illustrator and story teller!

I know you must have said it many times, but keep getting the word out that these contests (either competing or attending) are not just for the small "leather elite" but also for us "ordinary" men on the sidelines—lightly converted, vaguely interested as we might be! If we attend in any capacity, we're going to have a great time. That's all there is to it!

Indeed, I am so overwhelmed with the delights of this past weekend that my devious (I mean fertile) mind is already working on ideas and suggestions to make next year's extravaganza in Charlotte even bigger and more successful than it already promises to be! Just wanted to congratulate and thank you for being at the helm of the boat that produces all the marvelous "ripples" of experience and fulfillment for so many! Keep up the good work! I'm proud to be a small part of what's happening!

The Hun/Portland, OR

EXTENDS WELCOME

May I extend a personal "welcome" on Tim Barrus' appointment as Associate Editor. Your crisp, factual responses to the Male Call letters are a delight. As the man who runs the BALL CLUB and publishes BALL CLUB QUARTERLY, I especially resonate to your OFF THE TOP comment maintaining *Drummer's* "sense of balls." Indeed, I wish you well.

San Francisco, CA

PONDERS PIERCING

As a fan of your magazine and knowing the type of magazine that *Drummer* is, I hope that you can help me find the information that I am looking for.

As I become more aware of my sexuality and more in touch with my feelings and desires, I am finding that I am attracted to men with pierced nipples and want someday to have at least one of my own pierced.

To date what I know about the subject is very limited. All I know is that I like it. I don't know what the history is behind this scene or how long men have been doing it or if it heightens sexual experiences or just looks good. Is it safe, and if so where would I go to have mine pierced?

If *Drummer* has in the past printed any articles on the subject or if you know of any books or organizations for people with similar interests I would like to know about them...

MB/Morgantown, WV

As I write this I am in the process of putting together our TITS (!) issue (*Drummer* 121) which you might thoroughly enjoy as *Drummer* explores the eroticism of male nips. We will feature an interview with Master Piercer Jim Ward of the

Gauntlet, who makes it very clear that nipple piercing can be quite safe if it's done correctly in the appropriate (clean) environment by people who know what they're doing. The most recent issue of *DungeonMaster* also contains two personal perspectives on piercing to give you a sense of what it actually feels like, physically and emotionally. And, yes, having your tits pierced can, indeed, heighten sexual and sensual experiences. *Piercing Fans International Quarterly*, a magazine dedicated to the piercing enthusiast (everything you wanted to know about piercing), can be ordered through the Gauntlet, Inc., 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. □



CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc., cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

DRUMMEDI

THE SHED RAPIDLY FILLS WITH STRONG, SWEATY BOOGIES, NAKED & READY (AS ALWAYS) FOR A GOOD TIME...

WELL, NOW, BOYS, WHUT'CHU RECKON WE ORTA DO TO A FELLER WHUT WALK RIGHT IN 'N' COMMENCE MES-SIN' AROUN' WITH ONE O' OUR LI'L "NOOKIES" 'THOUT AXIN' ME 'R NOBODY PER PERMISSION? HOW WE GONNA LARN 'IM NOT T'DO THET NO MORE? HUM?



SHOOT! EVERY INMATE AT SHADY NOOK KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE, NO COACHING NECESSARY!!

(HE NEED' A GOOD, HARD BEATIN', WARDEN!)

STRING 'IM UP 'N'
MAKE 'IM DANCE
FER YER BULLWHIP,
SIR! CUT 'IM UP!

BAMBOO,
SIR! ALL
UP 'N' DOWN
HIS BACK!

YER RIDIN' CROP,
SIR! 'CROST HIS
TITS! TEAR 'IM UP!

HICK'RY STICK
'CROST 'IS ASS!
YER BELT, SIR!
... BUCKLE END!

HANG 'IM BY HIS
DICK 'N' BEAT
HIS NUTS!

LAY YER STRAP
UP 'TWEEN HIS
LEGS, LIKE YUN
DOES ME, SIR!



The latest Hun artwork: *Hun Comics 2 and 3, Kraut 1 and 2, and Great Inches from Myth*.

The comics are "pure" Hun, more of the adventures of Big Sig. The Kraut series—"A Trip to Remember" and "Revenge in Vietnam"—show Hun art drawn to a client's specifications. The myth series comes closer to "the fine arts," says the Hun.

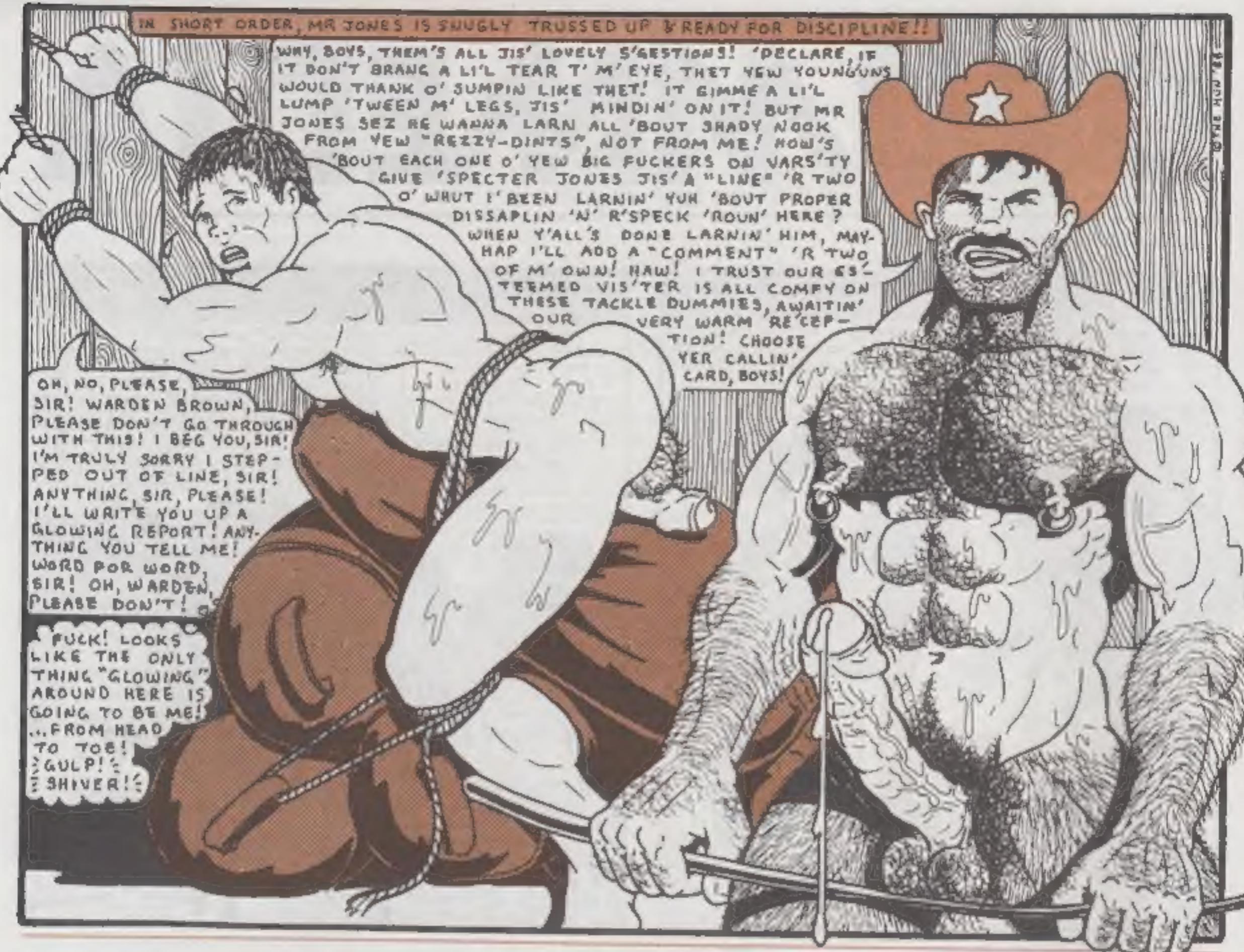
Well, to me there's no "fine art" or "coarse art," just art, and these offerings are Hun art, erotic, s/m art. They're filled with sexual energy—it's astonishing how much energy, without letup, without pause, without mercy for the characters or for you, the reader.

In one of his introductions, the Hun says he has a natural affinity for comics. He does. His personal fantasies include 10-pound cocks, nipples erect like cocks, and huge-muscled studs with bull necks and balls like small grapefruit. Other s/m artists offer different pleasures.

So let's take the comics first. I've known the Big Sig type—young, blond, huge-muscled, and innocent. (In fact I've known a whole set of them, brothers; one brother had a cock almost Hun-size. No exaggeration.) Sig is down at Shady Nook prison farm, and the jocks' waterboy. "Just the typical, garden-variety, ugly, painful, dreadful, yucky, sweaty" great Hun material in *Comics 2 Number 3, "Visitors,"* Interested me even more—some nosy, well-muscled liberal comes to bleed his heart over the terrible conditions at the

"HUN" REVIEW

by
**Anthony
Santos**



prison farm, and finds he's got to experience those conditions himself.

Here's where the Hun shows how great he can be. The story line's simple. Young, naive, beautiful stud is surrounded, stripped, raped, enslaved. How often can you depict that story, draw it, vary it, re-tell it and re-draw it? Apparently, you can forever, to infinity. The Hun does. And not just with the art work, but with the captions. I thought they'd be distracting (sometimes he has so much to say, the figures are surrounded, hemmed in, by type), but they aren't. Perhaps that's the most astonishing part, the never-ending flow of words, of erotic stimulation.

The Kraut drawings are Hun art filtered through someone else's imagination. Kraut seems to be the best kind of patron—he stimulates the artist's imagination. Here you have "normal" nipples and cocks, and a lot of brutality. The "Trip" is toyroom-dungeon s/m: bondage, gags, dildoes, and so forth. "Revenge" carries the warning, *NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH!*—torture: burning, cutting, the rest of the ways of agony, including a crucifixion.

The crucifixion scene is especially good—the Marine victim in agony, waiting for the spike to his feet, his body twisted in a graceful curve on the prone cross, his head thrown back to make his throat follow the curve of his body, his big cock lying on his meaty thigh, at an intersecting

curve, blood flowing from his hands . . . Really, beautifully done.

The mythological series is more consciously "arty." No brutality, almost no action, single figures, studies of the male anatomy. Maybe it's wrong to say "no brutality"—each of these figures dominates, especially the blacks, a result of each being alone on the page, and of the greater sense of bulk (created by shading).

Especially beautiful is (what else?) Eros, a black with closed eyes, head tilted away from the observer, his navel the center of composition. The cock is curved up, unsheathed, ready to shudder and begin shooting out its white . . .

To me the perfect Hun drawing appears as the opening of "Shady Nook." A young inmate is being auctioned off. He's going to be somebody's meat. He's stripped off his jock to give the crowd below a better look. A hand touches his leg, and a squared, powerful black hand reaches up to grab his big balls, to grab and squeeze and agonize. But there's no degradation in that—the stud stands defiant over them, his cock curved like Eros' into a thick curve, expressing power and sex and domination.

It's this union of domination and suffering that creates that enormous sexual energy the Hun depicts.

—Anthony Santos

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

TIES THAT BIND

PUNISHMENT:

Proceed with Caution!

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime.

—W.S. Gilbert, *The Mikado*

We come into the SM scene by many routes: some by way of bondage, others through dominance and submission, still others through their child abuse experiences. For others, however, the association of "pain" with pleasure first occurred during or just following punishment(s) for misdeeds committed during childhood, adolescence, or, more rarely, in adulthood. A great many men also report being aroused while watching punishment scenes in movies, or reading about them in literature.

For these and other reasons, punishment themes will sometimes take a prominent position in SM sexuality. When these themes express themselves in relationships, however, all hell can sometimes break loose, because psychologically dangerous forces often come into play. I want to warn you about them now.

First, let's get clear which behaviors I am talking about. In the "bad boy" style, a masochistic bottom makes a mistake or bungles something and gets punished by a Top in some way that is physically painful or humiliating, and maybe even erotic. If the "mistake" is trivial or was blatantly unfair (according to the bottom), there can be lots of emotional pain and stress as well.

The Top counterpart is the guy who is always on the lookout for the error in a bottom's ways. If the Top doesn't find enough mistakes to justify a scene, He can make them up, or set the bottom up so that mistakes are inevitable. Usually, this is all done under the guise of "training" or "discipline".

Think about this for a minute, and you can begin to see the problems. First of all, in the bottom's head, he only gets what he desires (to be played with) when he fails—this rewards his ineptness, and does not reinforce skill and capability. Additionally, charges of ineptitude cause people to feel bad about themselves, whereas feeling capable and competent makes people feel good about themselves.

Following this dynamic to its logical conclusion, after a while a Top would end up with a bottom who couldn't do anything right ever! In fact, this some-

times happens. Other bottoms learn only to fuck up when they are horny. This then provokes (manipulates) the Top and a scene starts—maybe. The bottom then gets to play, but pays the price of believing that he has done something "bad," or is, himself, "bad." He must believe he has done something bad in order to take the Top and His punishment seriously.

In this way, many bottoms come to lose their self-respect and self-esteem in exchange for sexual fulfillment. Critical, punishing Tops make them believe that they can do nothing right, and that they are total fuckups. This view of themselves is systematically reinforced with sex and cumming—pretty powerful reinforcement, I'd say. To make matters worse, these bottoms can begin to get very depressed, and therefore not much fun to be around, even for the Tops who create them.

Interestingly, many of the "punish" Tops that I have worked with clinically have explained that it is all for the good of the bottom, and that He was teaching something important about life that the bottom had somehow missed earlier. None made any comments (initially) about their hard dicks as though that was unimportant to the explanation of their wish to punish.

Just for you psychology buffs, here are some ideas about what is often going on inside that allows all this to happen in the first place. For the bottom, punishment may recreate the situation in which he may have come to associate pain and pleasure in childhood. Suddenly, the whipping (or whatever) is justified and "makes sense" because he has been "bad." It feels bad emotionally and good physically, but he does like the attention—very confusing to the mind.

In the Top's own head, He may be recreating an identification with an admired, punishing or strict relative, or an identification with an admired character in a movie or book—the Sheriff of Nottingham, for example, or Captain Nemo.

Top understands that when He can find errors, He can do something that will make His dick hard—an idea with appeal. Psychologically, the most common reason that He goes through all this is to explain and justify His sadism to himself—"Well, after all, he fucked up again, and I just had to do something."

Numerous hours in the therapy room with "bad boy" bottoms and "punish"

Tops has led me to some interesting discoveries. For the most part, it seems that these guys can't permit themselves to let their needs for hurting or being hurt come out without first establishing a pretext which WOULD be acceptable to society in general. Otherwise, they might feel guilty for enjoying themselves in such an unconventional way.

The punishment setup provides both of them with the "excuse" they need to get down to it. So, unconsciously, we get, "I can hit him when he is bad," and "he can hit me when he thinks I have been bad." It's all OK then—there is nothing twisted or sick.

I suspect that these men go through these mental gymnastics because we are socialized into believing that it is only OK to "hurt" someone else when they have broken the law or committed a sin. We are also socialized into believing that it is only OK for someone else to "hurt" us when we have done a bad thing.

Sadly, for a smaller number of others, this is all just thinly disguised child abuse done with an overgrown child. Both Top and bottom suffer the associated ills when this is the situation.

It is truly hard for me to imagine a healthy relationship with a Top who is constantly scrutinizing his partner's behavior for mistakes, and a bottom who has (or thinks he has) figured out how to get played with by making mistakes. Or, if the bottom is not horny, or does not want to play, he must then go to the emotional trouble of trying extra hard not to fuck something up and bring down an unwanted scene on himself. (This is fun?) (This feels good?) (This is quality time?)

One reason I doubt the health of such an arrangement is that the "bad boy" bottom can't come to see himself as a competent, effective man in the world and still get his sexual needs met. I have stated my chief bias about SM sexuality in an earlier column: I support those behaviors that add to who we are and make us feel better about ourselves and oppose behaviors that do the opposite.

Put differently, research shows us that something called "cognitive dissonance" creates unhealthy psychologies. Simply speaking, this term describes a state of dangerous internal mental conflict which occurs when the mind tries to hold contradictory emotional information.

It is clear to me that the punishment scene can create cognitive dissonance in

TIES THAT BIND

a number of ways. For example, the rest of the world gives us rewards when we do a good job—if we have to make an exception in our sexuality, that creates dissonance and the trouble that goes with it.

Another source of dissonance in the punishment game is that Tops do (occasionally) make mistakes of all kinds. More dissonance happens in both their heads when He does not get punished for His mistakes. He is confronted with His double standards, while the bottom must try somehow to look the other way. Couples report that their relationship takes on an increasingly unreal quality that makes it difficult to sustain the connected feelings that are essential to the maintenance of SM relationships.

Of course, everyone makes mistakes because we are all human, and no one is perfect. Mistakes are a natural part of living and an opportunity for growth, self-awareness and development. They need to be seen in a positive light because they afford us the opportunity to learn important things about the world. To hand out physical punishment or verbal abuse when "mistakes" are made is not supportive or educational except perhaps in the most primitive way.

Endless studies reveal that corporal punishment does not work to modify behavior as well as other more suppor-

tive methods. This means that the behavior modification excuse used to justify physical punishment for misdeeds, by calling it SM, just doesn't wash.

Lots of men get into the punishment scene because they cannot allow themselves to do this stuff simply because it feels so damn good all by itself. In their value system, pure pleasure is not considered sufficient justification to engage in what vanilla folks (both straight and gay) would call "hurting" behaviors. Sadomasochists call it fun, and for us, it is, when we do it right.

Most kinky guys don't feel the need to create a socially acceptable pretext for doing anything in their sexuality. They have freed themselves from vanilla values so completely that what society would say is just not important anymore—they play just cause it feels good.

My view of the punishment scene today is that it is the way that some SM people manage (but don't resolve) an internal conflict between their sexual impulses and social rules. The emotional fallout is so great though, that I am not at all clear that it is worth it for them to pander to the internal vanilla values that tug at them.

Lastly, there is a punishment style that does not cause any of the troubles mentioned above, and it is remarkably useful in correcting unwanted behaviors. That

punishment consists of the varying degrees of abandonment/withdrawal—a bottom's worst fear, in my opinion.

Ignoring a bottom is a much clearer signal than a slap when a Top is unhappy. The slap is a mixed message—anything that is physical is a mixed message. To slap for punishment one moment and slap as a reward or an "I love you" message the next is sooooo confusing to the psychology of a masochistic bottom.

Reserving SM behaviors for horny times and feel-good situations sends a consistent message to bottoms and does not confuse them. If they are good, play with them and have a good time. If they are displeasing, tell them why and how, and send them away for a while, or go elsewhere and play with someone pleasing.

I feel strongly that anyone in the Scene who is committed to the principles of Safe, Sane, Consensual is in danger of violating the "Sane" part when He uses or invites physical punishment to correct unwanted behavior. Doing so constitutes a real threat to the self-esteem and confidence of many bottoms and thus places their mental health at risk. I can't support any scene that risks any kind of health, can you?

Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles, who works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

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Private Portraits of the Contestants by Jack Sitar

This year during the IML prejudging, all contestants were individually interviewed by the judges. Each contestant was invited (individually) to private backstage portrait shots by IML official photographers, Jack Sitar. Several of them chose to let hang out (sometimes stand up) parts of the anatomy. Neither the judges nor the audience were allowed to view. Drummer is privileged to be able to present a peek at some of these private portraits of proud men. You will definitely be seeing more of some of these men in the upcoming issues of *Drummer*.

On the Back Cover of this issue

Joe Lee, Seattle, WA
Mr. Seattle Leather 1988
Sparks Tavern



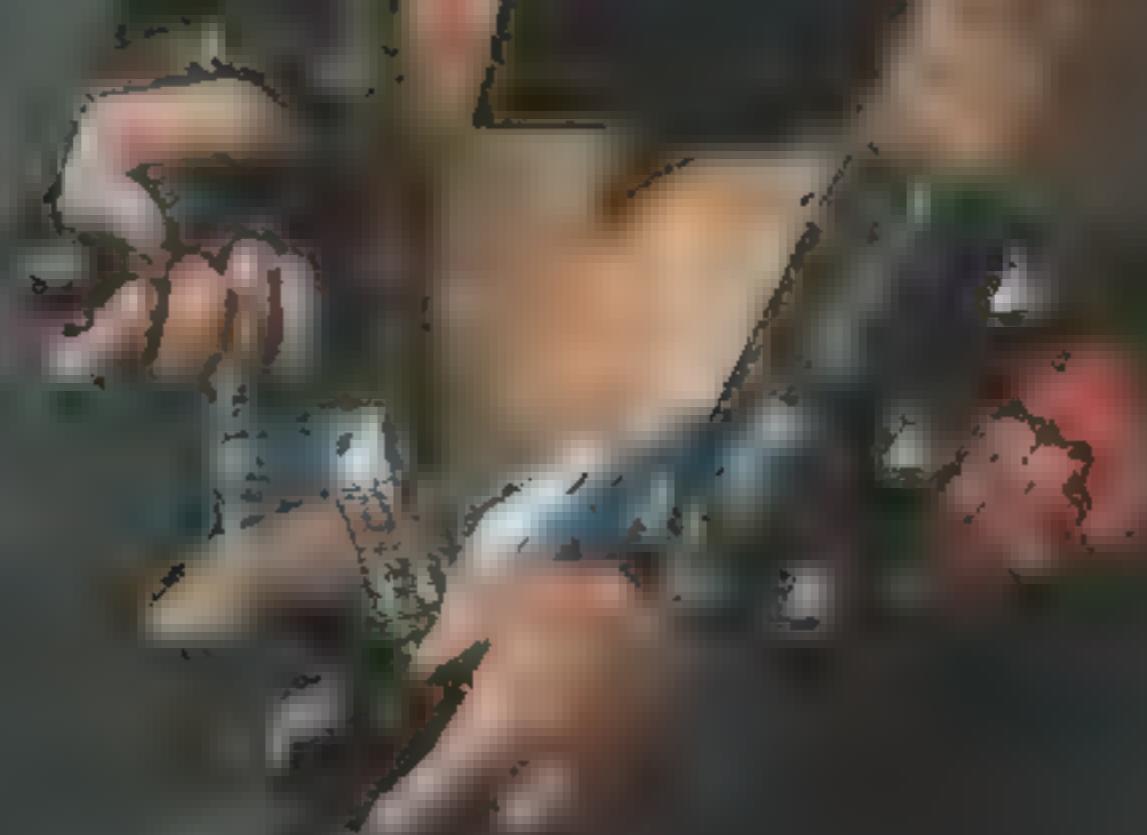
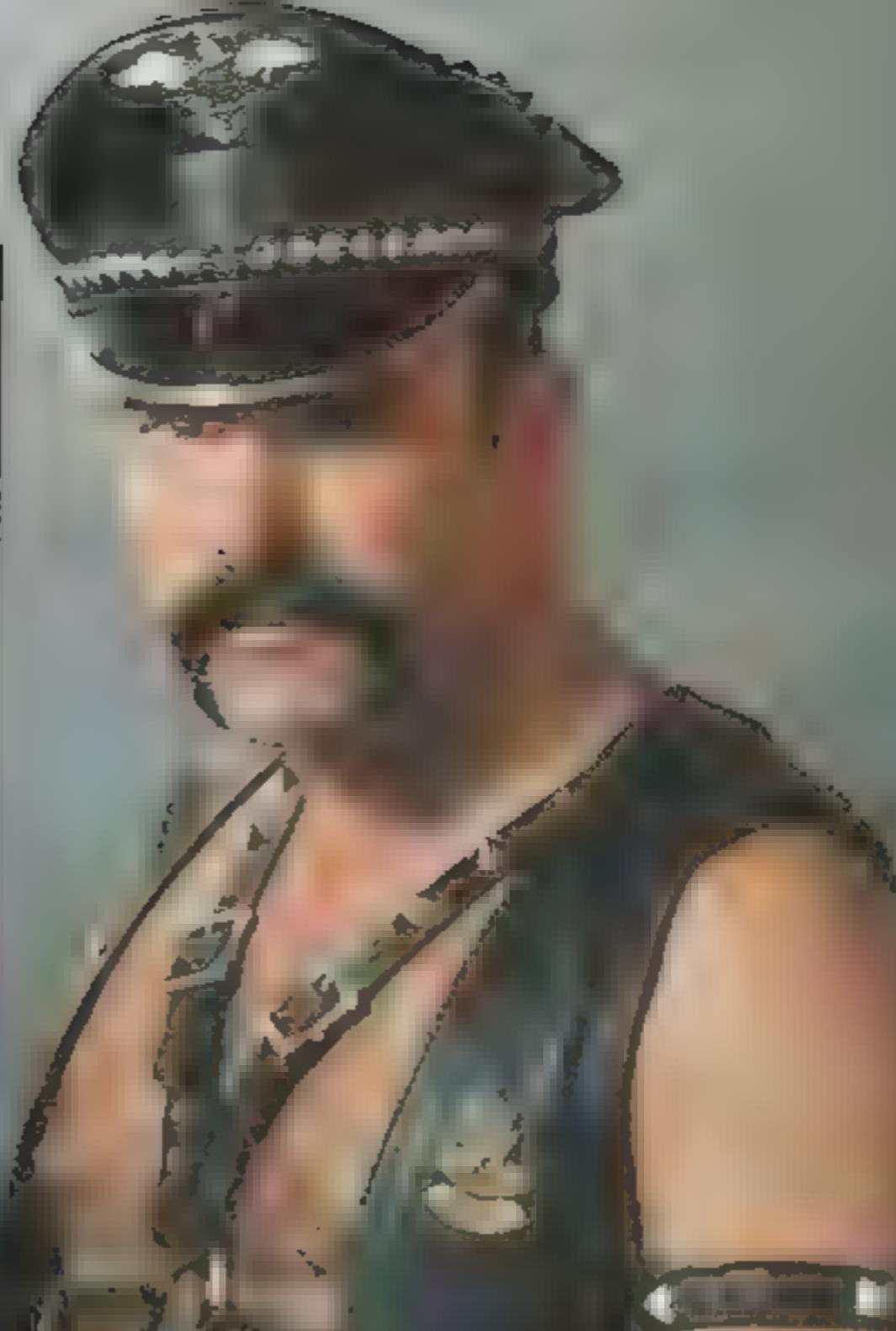
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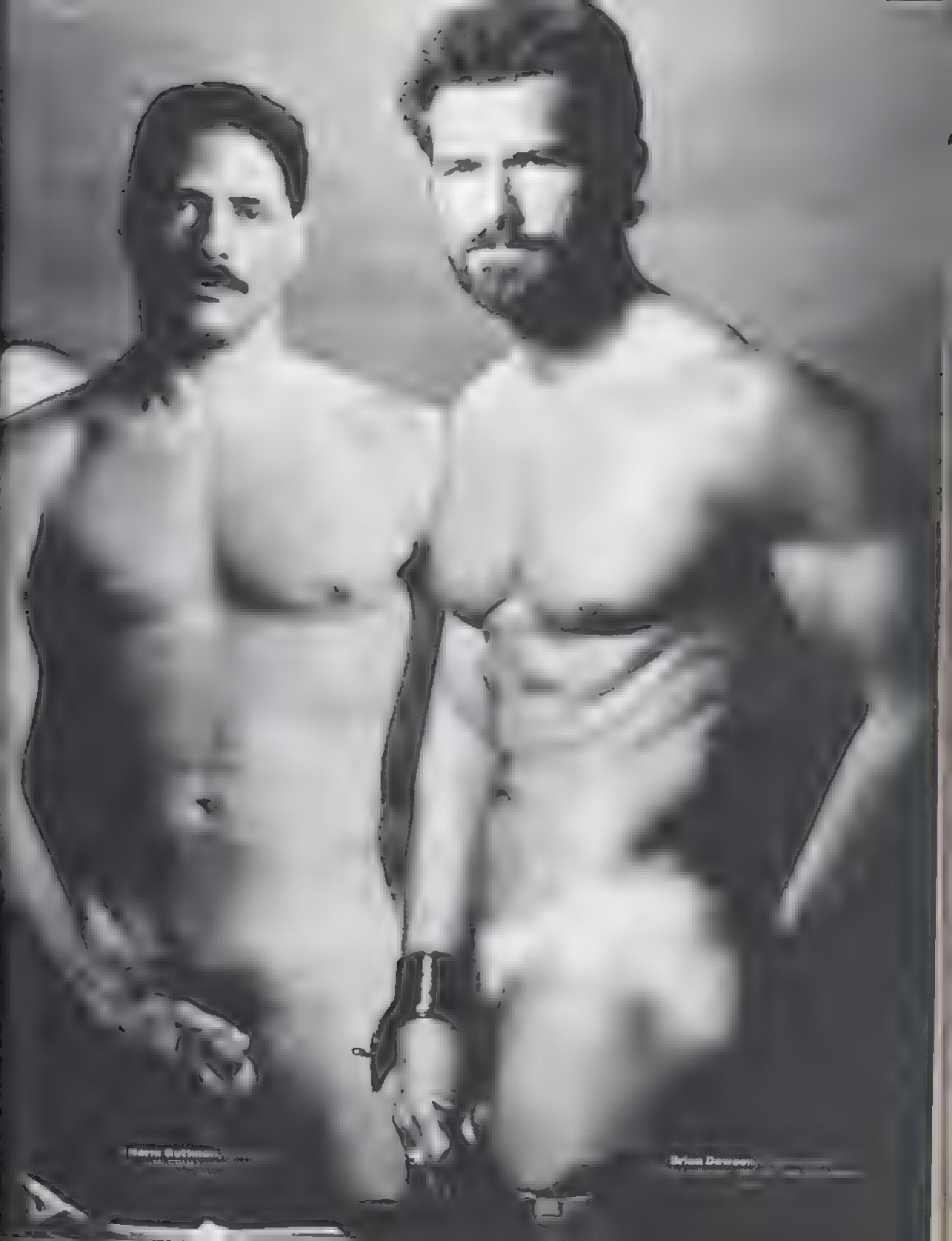
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INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1988
Michael Pereyra

MUD, OIL, GREASE, AND GRUNGE FETISH FEATURE

I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass I love; If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles.
—Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

My older brother used to work on old jalopies—junkers mostly—car corpses that other mechanics (men who did not work in their parent's garage) would have had summarily towed away to the dump. My brother was an arrogant boisterous creative grease-monkey if there ever was one. His rough mechanic's hands seemed perpetually stained with a deep black combination of Quaker State Motor Oil mixed with glutinous amounts of gooey garage grunge. My brother's hands never did come clean. His hands and his appealing badness were literally beyond restraint, rebelliousness, or religious repair.

Greaseboy was a rather amazing natural sort of mechanic who could take apart and completely reassemble a Chevrolet engine, putting it into the jolted chassis of a Ford, with the adolescent belief that a Ford with a Chevy engine will run faster than a mere Chevy with a Chevy engine. Which is what usually happened when my older brother went far broke with our family's car.

We never really knew for sure what it was we were actually driving, it was usually a compromised hedgepodge of Volkswagen parts connected to impossible glances designed to run on not much more than mechanical guesswork and greasejockey faith. Greaseboy always seemed to be elbow dirtdeep in the thick mysterious secrets of automotive sludge. I used to serve as his all too eager tool fetcher. And I'd stand there next to him in our garage, watching him repair his various junky vehicles, wondering how anyone's hands could possibly absorb not only the blackness of the inevitable grime, but my brother's hands even smelled like precious Porsche puke.

The most powerful of industrial cleaning solvents could not erase the provocative discoloration from my brother's lubricated hands. Eventually my parents just finally gave in to him by allowing the boy to live in his beloved garage, his grease-soaked environment—which only added to his fugitive desperado sensibility.

On any given evening I could usually manage to find Greaseboy jerking off in his cherished tool-cluttered grungepit. Once I caught him (he knew that I would) on his greasemonkey's dolly, pounding that big fat impulsive pink whopper he had with those amazingly black and filthy hands—pumping as he teased me by flagrantly exhibiting playing with his

Fetish Feature is a special section to be found in most issues of Drummer. Each issue focuses on a special turn—**including news and information** on **people**, art, or events, as well as features on the **fetish**. Send your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for upcoming fetishes.

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#122	Cigars	Too Late
#123	SoloSex	October 1
#124	Bodybuilders	November 1
#125	Bikers	December 1
#126	Discovery	January 1

Do you Drummer gettin' in the **Fetish Feature**? If so, or if you don't have to work out the subject of a round again, send us your photo—of your club news, etc. There are regular columns in **DRUMMER** that are every month and we're happy to include yours, or lattices, hair, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed!

muddy erection.

The image of my working-class brother's soiled hands, wrapped tightly around his tempestuous piece of boner, beating greased beef faster than a Harley in a horrible heat, was at the time an unbelievably powerful erotic image that got burned into my subconscious more effectively and more permanently than anything brain surgery or a lobotomy could offer. Not only did I get to suck on my brother's agitated cock (which was usually hidden safely away under worn blue mechanic's coveralls) but somehow I convinced him to allow me to suck his cruel and relentlessly black hands as well.

The ironically bittersweet taste of garage grease and garage grunge was overwhelming—I came all over the back seat of my brother's SS Chevy Impala. We are told that cleanliness is next to godliness. Yet many of us have had occasional out-of-the-mainstream sexual experiences that transcend and surpass the constraining morality of Lava soap.

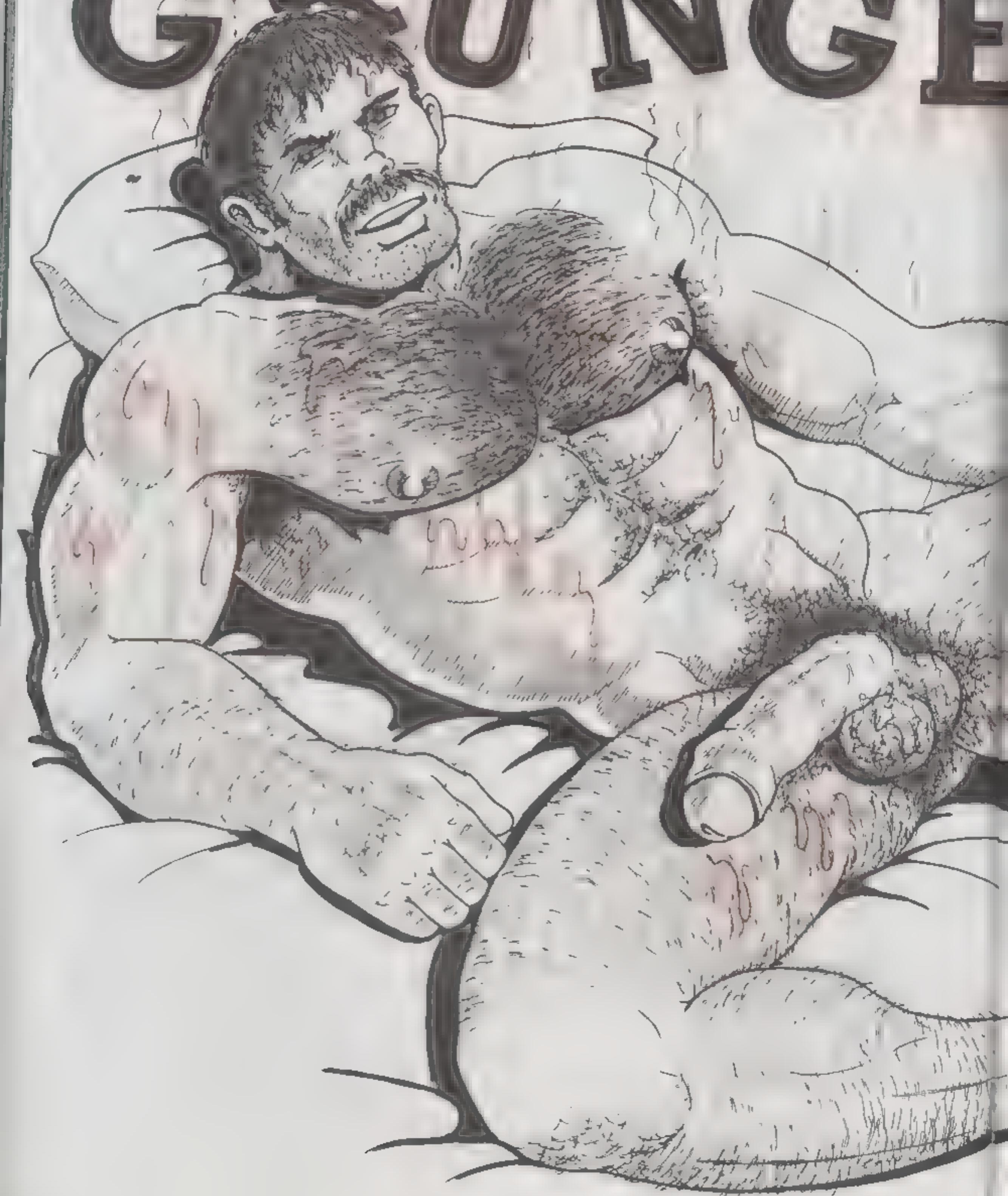
Fuck soap.

Grease and grime can set the sexual stage for sensually indecent, the dirtier than dirt. If climbing into sleazy oilmesex, complete with a Pennzoil scene (or an inviting pigpool of pigmud) intrigues or mystifies you or turns you on, let us tease you with a lunk's taste of oil outrage, mud mania, greasy gearshifts, and grunge galore. By the time you've finished reading this issue of Drummer you could very well be in dire need of one hell of a hot soapy shower—OH—you'll let the smell linger for awhile on your leatherboy skin while you lick your honey fingers into sordid ecstasy.

This issue of Drummer gives fiction the focus; you'll find a certain demonism in Michael Agreve's obsession with an unwashed beast. Jay Shaffer greases down his dirty pig. And Bill Starwalt offers us a trucker's vision of a pumpboy, a lonely stranger, and the corrosive tension that occurs when one tests the other—the open road invites. The one-and-only Rex will put his intensely erotic art right smack in your face—inviting you to experience the cum-splashed, cum-stained, cum-squid, mesmerized universe of seething slop. Mud, oil, grease, and grunge...

Tim Barrus

GRUNGE



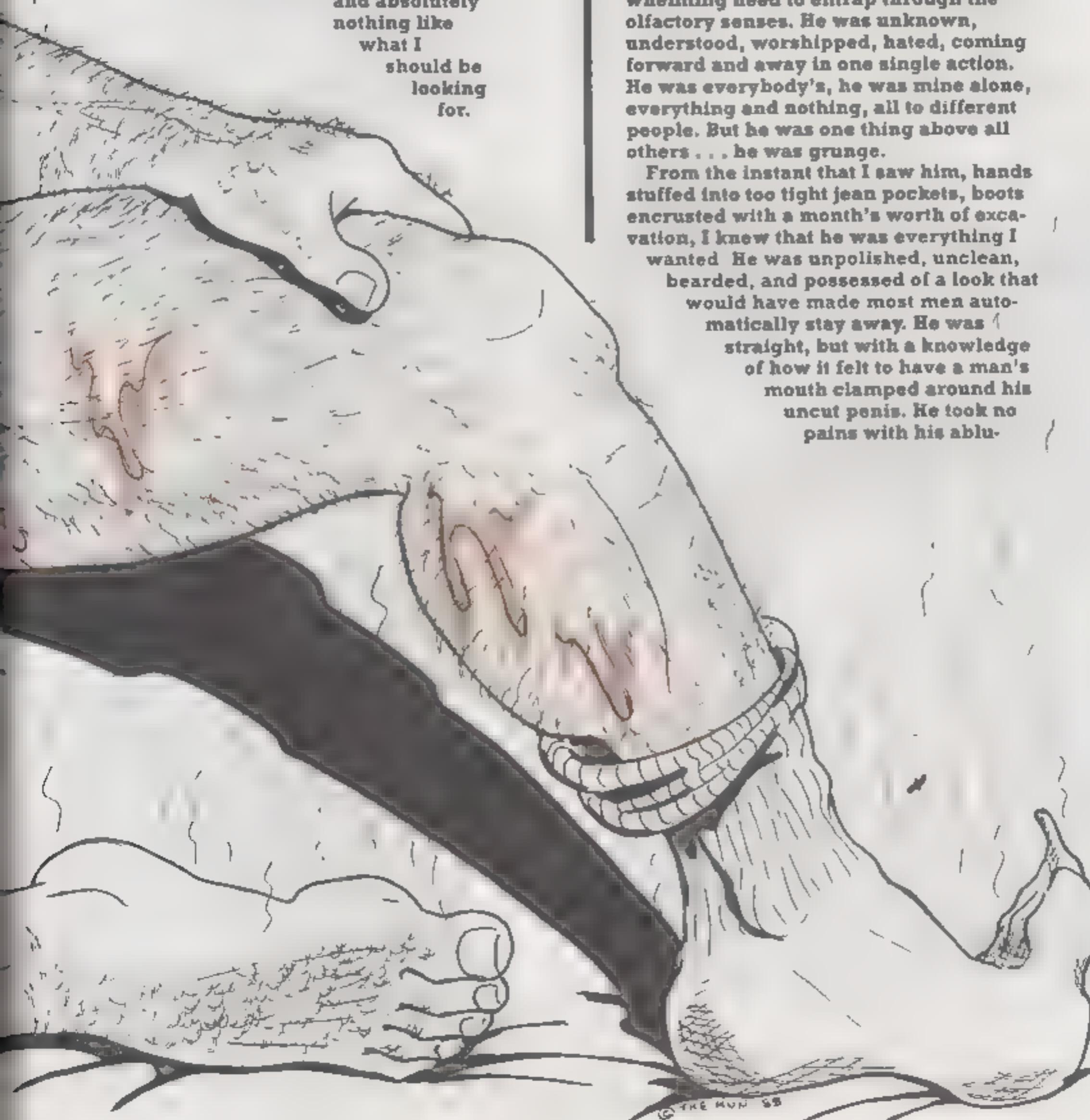
Long before I knew him I could smell him.

Even as I wandered around the room searching out the man whose musk had first assaulted my nostrils, I understood him better than anybody else there. The moment he had raised his armpits, he had trapped me with his unwashed fragrance. Although still unknown to me, the man was already a part of me. I had absorbed him through my nostrils and translated him into a thousand tiny messages filtering through my mind. He was tall. He was short. He was fat. He was thin. He was young, old, hairy, bald, with a small cock and one as long as the space between my wrist and elbow. He was everything he had to be and absolutely nothing like what I should be looking for.

BY MICHAEL AGREVE

He was an unknown with nothing more to lure me on with but his incredible ability to assault my senses. He had raised his arms and set in motion a clock ticking from twelve backwards to the number one. He was the child unable to control its body functions and the adult plunging its finger up its asshole. He was everything uncontrolled and uncontrollable about the human body. He was the sweat pouring out of an armpit and the crusty cheese ringing an unwashed foreskin. He was handsome, homely, brilliant, stupid, all translated into one word with a question mark at the ending. He was gentle, uncaring, tough and tender with an overwhelming need to entrap through the olfactory senses. He was unknown, understood, worshipped, hated, coming forward and away in one single action. He was everybody's, he was mine alone, everything and nothing, all to different people. But he was one thing above all others . . . he was grunge.

From the instant that I saw him, hands stuffed into too tight jean pockets, boots encrusted with a month's worth of excavation, I knew that he was everything I wanted. He was unpolished, unclean, bearded, and possessed of a look that would have made most men automatically stay away. He was straight, but with a knowledge of how it felt to have a man's mouth clamped around his uncut penis. He took no pains with his ablu-



Deep into the
crevices of his toes,
down around the
undersides of his
balls, back up
across his stomach
and into the
net of matted hairs
on his chest.



Photo by LEON

tions, feeling instead that water was the enemy of his carefully embellished body. He prided himself on the ring around his fraying collar, laughed when I said that he looked like he had been mucking out sewers for a living. Even his voice was gritty, carrying with it the breath of stale beer and mornings never spent gargling with mouthwash. He has nowhere to go except even further down into the gutter. So, he had chosen the backroom of a bar, hoping that nobody would notice that the underwear beneath his clothing was torn and stained from pissing in an alleyway.

He had stood against the cinder block wall, desperately wanting to fade into the grimy moulded plaster. The bottom button of his fly had fallen off, giving him (incorrectly) the look of someone easily made available. His face was scraggly, unshaven, unwashed, but not entirely unappreciated. Resting somewhere underneath the two-day stubble was a face that might have otherwise been almost handsome. But he had let it go to seed, just like he had let every other part of his body descend into a sort of elegant decay. He was almost alluring in his resemblance to the classic portrait of a convict. He even had a downward twisting mouth to add to the already sinister appearance.

All that was missing was a half-smoked cigarette dangling from his lips. Instead, a trickle of snot had leaked out from his nose and become encrusted in what had to be the scuzziest moustache grown upon a lip. He was, in short, beautiful, entirely perfect, matching words to his looks as I tried to make what had to be the dumbest of idle chatter. He responded mostly in grunts, appropriate considering his attitude. I responded with a crotch full of solid inches, getting harder and harder as I wallowed in his filth.

I knew that there were others watching, trying to figure out what was the appeal of the obviously misplaced man. Only when he raised his hand to scratch his head was it obvious. He stank. He reeked. Not as bad as some of the bums you see lying on the steps of buildings. Just bad enough. Bad enough to make me want to stand there with him forever. Bad enough to ask him if he wanted to go back to my place. Bad enough to listen to a long explanation about how he wasn't into guys, but didn't mind if somebody wanted to give him a badly needed blow job. His words, especially the part about the blow job, were music to my ears. I didn't want to hear fancy words like "anal intercourse" or "fellatio" or "masturbation." I wanted suck and fuck and jerk off, and a thousand other street slogans, hurled at me. I wanted him to lie back, filthying the clean white sheets as I mixed my spit with the dirt that dripped off his belly button. I expected no thank-you letters, just a grunt followed

by a solid eight hours of snoring.

I wanted to take advantage of him while he slept, licking the soles of his feet as he lay sleeping in my spot. I wanted him to wake up the next morning, take a crap and never once ask if he could also take a shower. I wanted to imprint him on my brain, filling in all those places that shocked so easily with the memory of his unwashed body. I wanted to walk around the next day, wondering why I had picked him up in the first place, why I had let him lie back while I sucked the stench out of his uncut penis. And finally, I wanted days of searching for him again, trying to conjure up his special odor inside my nose, wandering through a maze of grimy back rooms until maybe I saw him again and repeated my initial offer.

He was grunge. Simply and completely the lowest common denominator I could sink to. He was a scrawny, unwashed man whose world revolved around nose pickings and shirts picked up in the garbage. But no matter how crude, how unknowing he had seemed both then and now, there was one simple factor still working in his favor. He had never questioned the attraction. He had let me peel away his cruddled-over boots and hold the insides to my nose. He had let me keep his socks, buried now and forever in a Baggie, not caring that his bare feet would have to be stuffed back up against a leather sole. He had lowered his body onto the bed, not the least bit impressed by the sheathed whiteness. He had known instinctively that he was not to tread lightly upon a bed of sweet-smelling roses. He was to be the thorn among the rose bushes, giving off the same scent that attracted flies to rotting meat. He knew that no matter what the meat he offered, it would be eaten. And it was.

Not a word was said as I peeled back his fleshy foreskin. He knew just how much I got off on stretching it out and licking on the underside until my mouth smelled like his cock: rancid. He knew the secret levels of pleasure I was reaching as I slowly absorbed more and more of what had attracted me to him in the first place. As my mouth became a cesspool filled up with first the taste of his cheesy cockhead, then his sweaty armpits, he relished the exchange of aromas, sweet for sour, that was taking place. He was the long lost twin brother, changing places with the one raised up to be royalty, watching as the real king turned before his eyes into a rough-necked peasant. If he was laughing all the while, I never heard him. Only his silence spoke volumes as I bathed inch after inch of him with my tongue. Deep into the crevices of his toes, down around the undersides of his balls, back up across his stomach and into the nest of matted hairs on his chest. Like a traveler on a long

distance highway, I explored each twist and turn, picking up tiny souvenirs for my effort. A piece of crumb hers. Last night's spilled beer over there. Maybe a crab or two along the way, but nothing that couldn't be quickly gotten rid of. And finally the surprisingly long tube of steak that jutted out from between his legs. His piece of meat. His dork. His pod that he said had only entered pussy. Now it was going to taste fag mouth. Going to go all the way inside a tunnel where only the creme de la crap was meant to be deposited.

What his cock tasted like as I rid it of its grungy topmost layer of stale sweat and drops of dried-out piss! Saving the ambrosial tip for last, I slurped and sucked on the filthy lollipop until it let go with a blast of built-up juices. That too tasted vile, coming from inside a body the closest thing to rotting. How I loved the vileness of his sour-tasting cum, knowing that each and every sperm head could produce an offspring smelling like its father. How I swallowed and swallowed, and even eked out another wad of stale spunk after he had been asleep for just one hour.

Never daring to sleep so long as he was in the room, I could only make my mind a camera and record every inch of him as he lay tangled up inside the sheets. One foot stuck out at an angle and it was that foot that became an object of disgusting worship. I slobbered over it like it was his dick I was tasting. It was in fact a mass of five tiny dicks, each one topped with a nail encrusted with the proof of too little bathing. I had thought about cutting off those nails and saving them inside a jar, but decided not to. Who knows what I could culture from his toenail clippings? Maybe the next beast that devoured the city. Maybe my next meal. Maybe absolutely nothing at all.

Or maybe a week's worth of fantasies.

But all I needed was one night's worth. He knew that instinctively. He departed willingly, leaving behind only the stench from his socks carefully preserved in a self-closing plastic bag. Every now and then I reach for that bag, open it up, and relive the moments of degradation. He was vile. He was unclean. He had manners like a dog with diarrhea. He dirtied up my sheets and left me with a mouth that smelled for three days afterward. He never once ran his fingers through my hair or told me that he loved me. Not a single word of comfort escaped his lips. Not even one of appreciation for the masterpiece of cocktucking I had performed on his raunch-laden dick. Never once had I held him close to me. I couldn't. He stank too bad. Never once did we kiss. He wouldn't. He was straight. Never once did we talk about the weather, or the latest Broadway play, or anything at all. All we talked about was his cock. And



PHOTO BY LEON

how I had to suck it. And how he had to pee and where the bathroom was. And what the hell I needed his socks for, but he gave them to me anyway. I was nothing to him. Just a cocksucker who was desperate for a dick. I tried to tell myself that I could have others. But I knew that he was the one I wanted. I saw the looks I got from others as I walked behind him, obviously out to eat his dick. They weren't nice, those looks. They didn't make me want to show my prize to the world.

But I showed them all, I did. I took him home, I peeled him down, I bathed him with my tongue and knew that he would let my spit dry on his skin for at least another day or two. I let him sleep molested in my bed, secretly wondering if he would ever stop farting. I fed him eggs and bacon in the morning and washed the plate and silverware in scalding water. I soaked for hours after in a tub of almost boiling water, peeling off all traces of remaining dirt, trying to rid myself of nagging guilt and horniness as I purged the flesh and pounded my cock.

What was it that drove me to such acts of degradation? What twist inside my head made me follow an unwashed scent until it was registering on my palate? What longing made me breathe the air in crowded bars, hoping that sooner or later one nostril would pick up something recognizably unbearable? And, finally, what self-destructive streak made me want to seek him out again? Him, the man with the three days' dirt packed around his fingernails. Him? The man who belched all night long and farted even while I sucked on his cock for the third time that evening? Who was he to run a line inside my head and make it a one-way path from obsession to action. Who was that asshole, anyway? A mud-caked Jesus whose feet I had to tongue bathe for salvation? A bum whose cock itched one night so he found the nearest faggot to scratch it? None of the above? All of the above?

No the answer didn't come as I sat soaking. Nor did it come the day after or the day after that. I sat and thought. I contemplated and drove my head up against blank walls. The answer was after all deceptively simple. Who was that man? Everybody. Nobody. He was a fantasy. A night of deadly reality. He was past, present, and future, all rolled up into one sour-smelling ball that was mine for the catching. He was everything I needed, hated, loved, rejected, worshipped, denied, and even sometimes, most times, despised. He was grunge. Simply grunge. Only grunge. And I had always known it. Even before I had smelled it.

I had known it
I had loved it. □

CLASSIC MUD

from the **DRUMMER** files



CLASSIC GREASE

Jeff Redding



Greased Pig

by Jay Shaffer

When I saw the vice-grips I knew just what Mike was thinking. He knew where he wanted them hanging and he needed some help in putting them there.

He stroked it. He nuzzled it. He rubbed himself against it like a cat. His hands were the hands of a lover. He circled around it to wind up in front, facing away, spreading his thighs and crouching until the tire could split his asscheeks and the tread could touch his hole. He waited to be mounted. He bent down forward, molding his jock and its contents hard over the curve of the wheel, reaching his hands up to rethread his tis. My headlight shone hot on his back and his ass. The hair flashed from straw into gold. He pumped himself over the rubber. He opened his eyes and stared back past his shoulder as he opened his butt to the beast. He groaned. He writhed. He ground his teeth and sweated. Across the garage, I could feel his heat. My nuts screamed—they needed adjusting. I opened my box up and took out my tool.

And Mike backed away again. He ran himself right up to the edge, and stopped. He tensed, grunted, held stock still and waited for his wave to pass. Mechanical control. Standing, stepping forward, he moved away and turned around. Faced the bike. Aimed his crotch at the light. Focused on its focused beam.

He hadn't cum, but he'd come close. The cloth had soaked up a wide slick of his lube—it was drying to stain in the heat of the bulb. His breath was still choppy, but now his chest heaved and his belly rippled under a carpet of golden fire where the hair that ran across them caught and shimmered in the glare. He held his arms out from his sides. He dropped his chin to his chest—and waited.

Whatever the signal was, it came. He gave himself over again to the bike. Straddling the tire, he sat. Pressing his belly flat over the light, he stretched back and fondled the seat. He caressed it all with that animal grace, moving sure hands across his lover, feeling its mechanical throb. He sat up and hunched up and shoved his jock in through the fork. He grabbed the throttle and rolled it, ran up the revs and rode them hard. His back arched. His chest grew. I took a deeper breath. He let go a bellow that started out low and rose to a scream with the bike's. Throwing his head

back, he howled. I spitlubed my hand up and pistoned my dick, expecting to follow him over the edge.

Again, somehow, he pulled up short. Somehow, so did I.

Sweat soaked his body in rivers that ran down through patches of dirt and grease. I checked and found that I was drenched, my pants around my knees, aching to shoot but wanting to wait to see what came next. The wait wasn't long.

He ripped himself free of the old fantasy and started to set up a new one. He nudged the kill switch. My ears roared on in the silence. I worried for a minute that he might hear my gasps for breath. If he did, he never showed it. He just walked around collecting an assortment of things in a pile. A can full of something—I couldn't see what. Screwdrivers, all different sizes. Clamps and straps and cotter pins. A dropcloth and rags. A couple of pair of vice-grip pliers. A full plastic bottle of oil. He hesitated, shook his head. Stood in thought, staring at nothing. Slipped back somewhere into his trance.

Lifting one leg up, he slid off the boot. Set it and its sock down precisely. Stood barefoot on his filthy floor to lift up and strip off the other. Now he was naked, except for the strap. He began to hum a single note. Quietly. He stood for a moment and waited again. Then he started to circle the bike.

Carefully, smoothly, he touched his fingers to all of the parts that weren't hot. He leaned down to clean some with a brush of his lips and his tongue. Made love to the metal in a way I'd never dreamed. Covered it all and came back to the start.

He picked up the dropcloth like some sort of vestment, folded and carried it over to cover the seat and the tank. He laid two rags over the handgrips. Standing back to survey his work, he rubbed his crotch once and yanked his hand away. Then he turned back for the oil.

And turned the oil on himself. He unscrewed the top, held the bottle up high, tilted it slowly and watched as the clean black-gold slime rolled down his arm to his face. It fell on his shoulders. It fell on his chest. It slid down his back and his belly to



catch in the hairs and the waistband of his jock. It dripped and ran down over his ass, over his legs, over all of that pale bright skin to the floor. He cradled the bottle in both of his hands and set it back down by his feet. He bent from the waist. His ass aimed right at me, all white muscled flesh and secret shadowed promises. I bent to take off my own boots.

Mike stood back up in a slow rhythmic wave, drawing both hands through his oil. Massaging and rubbing his calves and his thighs. Grabbing hold hands full of ass; moving on. Stroking his belly and kneading his tits. Throwing his head back at last as he fingered the lube through his hair and his beard. The bike's light bounced off his wet skin with a new kind of gold liquid fire.

He moaned me again reaching back for the bottle and poured out a palmful to rub into his pouch. The one-note hum never stopped. He reached back down into his pile of tools.

One hand held a hoseclamp, now both wide and big around. The other raised a screwdriver. He turned toward me slightly so I looked at his side and slipped the clamp over his jock. The screwdriver handle went into his mouth while he used both his hands to adjust. He grabbed himself hard through the oiled elastic. He yanked down his dick and his balls. The hose clamp as cockring. Satisfied he'd placed it right, he pulled the 'driver from his mouth to turn the screw and clamp it down. His tongue was still out when I looked back up, trying to follow the plastic dick. It slipped back in, reluctantly, once the ring started to squeeze. Mike bit and chewed his lip. A habit I had seen before. A sign of concentration. It would never look the same again.

The hose clamp hung down from the base of his belly. The screwdriver went back in his mouth. His oily, tight-stuffed bag of hard parts throbbed and seemed to grow. I could almost see new dickblood swell it every time his heart pumped.

My boots were loose, now. My pants slumped on their tops. I waited for Mike to turn again. He did, and I got naked.

He bent over to put down his screwdriver and pick up something else. He faced me when he stood. I started to think that he knew I was there but decided to speak when he spoke. Not before. If he saw me or not I just couldn't stop stroking.

I love my bike. I give it the best I can of everything—gas, oil, parts, service—and it treats me right in return. I wish I could do it all myself. I can't. I'm a lousy mechanic and I just don't have enough time. That's why I take it to Mike. I may love my own machine, but nobody loves bikes the way Mike does.

I caught him at it one night.

The day I finally bought a Harley the first thing I did was to bring it in to Mike. He took one look and had a religious experience. Just a Super Glide, used, basic black and nasty. Nothing fancy. That's why I like it. Mike was transported.

"Fix it, buddy," I said. He didn't answer. He

probably didn't hear me. Mike looks at hot bikes the way I cruise hot men: For a while, nothing else exists in the world. I trust him, though. I've trusted him for years. I knew he'd do what I wanted, and more. I didn't know how much more. I left the two of them alone.

My dinner that night was a pizza, delivered. I'm no cook, either. When the heartburn and headache hit well after midnight and I couldn't find a settler in the house, I began to wish I'd poured a bowl of corn flakes. The store down the street was open all night, but the bike was in the shop. I tried to use mind over matter. Nothing worked. I swore as I pulled on my jeans and my boots and shouldered into a jacket. The bike could have waited a day to see Mike. Now I had to walk. I already felt like shit.

I wasn't very nice to the graveyard-shift cashier. He didn't seem to mind. Even brought me a glass of warm water and dropped the little tablets in. Plop, plop. We talked while the fizz went to work. Not about anything much. Just enough to let me know he'd noticed me and make me think about noticing back. He laughed when I belched, a little too loud. I felt a shitload better. Time to go home. Punching his shoulder, I told him I'd see him. He groped himself as he said he hoped so.

The flirting did more for my mood than the bubbles: I felt fine on my way back up the hill home. I spent more time looking around me. The world looks different at night and on foot.

Take, for instance, the light on in Mike's shop. I hadn't seen it on my way past, before. Or heard the muffled thunder that came with it. Dual pipes. Shorties. In that shop a Harley idled. I decided to stop for a look.

The door was unlocked. Seemed kind of stupid. I didn't have a chance to think about it much. Unlocked, it opened—and that's when I saw Mike. He was riding my Harley to nowhere, buck-fucking naked but for boots and a jock.

He had the frame up on blocks, so the rear wheel hung in the air. Probably had the chain off, too, although I was on the wrong side to see. I trust Mike. He's careful. I knew he'd never hurt a bike. But I'd sure never seen him like this.

I had never seen an act like this. I had christened bikes with buddies. I'd had rides that felt like sex. That was why I'd bought the Super Glide: I wanted the feel of the best. I had spitshined and rubbed up some earlier bikes just for the love of the touch, but what I saw now was different. Mike was in some kind of rapture.

He always works in coveralls. I had never really seen him. At least, not as a man. He just never had seemed to have sex on his mind, or anything other than bikes. I guess, for him, the two are one. Now I could see his raw fantasy—and the man looked incredible naked.

I paid no attention to his hair and his beard. I had (sort of) seen all that before.

His oily, slicked bag of hard parts throbbed and seemed to grow. I could almost see how dickblood swell it every time his heart pumped.

But his bare back, his shoulders, his arms caught my eye with the hardropy muscles the cloth had kept hidden. His chest was squared and dusted with light brown hair; it sported two hard, finger-sized tits that seemed to be pointing my way. His ass and thighs moved in all the right ways under a carpet of hair like his chest had but thicker and darker and damp with sweat. His skin glowed a stark sunless white in the pale blue light of the tube at his bench. Dark shadows traced all his moves. He had no tan. No color at all. He had no need for the sun.

He leaned forward out of my seat as I watched, toward the handlebars and down. Listening. Feeling, too. That jack full of nuts was flattened across my fat bob tank and bouncing with the vibration. I adjusted my basket. Mike slowed the idle and smiled.

He looked like a demon. A man possessed. Then he leaned down still further—and went down on my bike. Ran his tongue down the clutch lever. Moved his left hand to lick the grip. Nibbled on the cables. Opened his jaw at last and wrapped his face around the end of the bar just like it was a dick—until his lips were mashed and he gagged. He worked the throttle, milking it out and raising the revs and grinding his pouch on my tank; squirming and straining and matching his pitch to the bike's. I was getting hot myself. Out of my jacket, I slipped off my belt just as Mike slowed things down to cool off.

My machine settled back to that punch-fucking purr that the big Harleys have when they're tuned. My mechanic pulled back off my hand-grip. His eyes were closed. He seemed to be having some trouble keeping control of his tongue. His hands clenched and flexed as he caught his breath. At last he was able to sit back up straight. He swayed, but he stayed up and cocked an ear. I held my breath. I shouldn't have bothered. He wasn't hearing anything but songs of V-twin love.

He left the bike running and swung up and off. One clean sweep of animal grace. There seemed to be a lot more to see of Mike when he felt this way. The unusual width of his shoulders. The icy heat of his hard pale flesh, under the grease spots and hair. The way he moved his body. The way his touches showed his lust. I was watching his mating dance.

He stood, not quite still, beside the machine—all jockstrap and boots and grease and sweat, eyes closed, head rolling, ass grinding, thighs cording. Fucking air. Playing his tongue on his chest and his shoulders and lapping at things only there in his mind. Always in tune with the engine. Always in touch with the bike.

With oil-slicked fingers he brought up two cotter pins and clamped them between his teeth. His hands then went straight for his tits. He squeezed. His eyes were closed. His hum grew a little louder. His pelvis kept a new rhythm. He was just where he wanted to be. With one hand he reached up for one of

the pins, spread it by feel and made it at home at the place where his chest met a nipple. He grimaced and flicked it a fingernail snap. He did it again with the other. He grabbed hold of both and twisted them—hard. The tone of his hum climbed a note. I reached up and worked my own tits on his neck.

He twisted and flicked and snapped them; did everything but yank them off. I pretty much did the same. I was almost disappointed when he bent back over, in spite of his grease-shadowed ass. But when I saw the vice-grips I knew just what Mike was thinking. He knew where he wanted them hanging and he needed some help in putting them there.

No banners were torn, no words were passed. It just happened. He held two pair of pliers out to me on upraised palms and we both knew it was time we touched. I walked to him out of the shadows.

Close up he smelled of motor oil and shone like a machine. His throat hummed the sound of an engine at idle. He was waiting to be driven. Waiting for me to drive. I took the tools he offered. His hands fell to his sides.

I made a fist and punched his chest. I stroked the flesh, hard and smooth and slick, and punched again. Each time we touched, his hum climbed in volume and in pitch. I shifted the pliers between my hands and stroked him with open fingers before I struck again. The pause in his humming when each blow landed sounded like a plea for more. I was only too pleased to oblige. I held the tools between my knees and used both hands to grasp. He gasped when I yanked on his nipples again and settled back into a faster hum.

I stepped away. I watched his eyes and watched him watch my hands. I adjusted the vice-grips to clamp closed and bite down on anything small put between them. I opened the catches and walked toward him slowly, one ready pair in each hand. He shuddered when they touched his skin. I teased him with the metal touch, running them up in his armpits and stroking them down on his flanks. When, together, I brought them home, he gasped and held his breath. I stopped. Mike forced himself to breathe again. Resumed his hum just where he'd stopped. Put himself back where he needed to be.

I flicked each side once with its own vice-grip titclamp and shoved them in toward him as far as they'd go before I clamped them down. He howled. He clenched his fists and writhed. I reached up to stroke his oil-soaked hair and bent his head forward and down. He leaned. The pliers swung out toward the floor. I nudged them with my knee. I brought his face into my crotch, reached down across his back, collected his wrists and held them together and fed him the length of my cock. His sucking was something mechanical; his rhythmic perfection was just what I wanted. He made no noise except to hum whenever he could.



catch his breath. The note of his lust was still rising.

My own revs were mounting too fast. I backed myself out of his mouth and turned but held him bent down in his crouch. I circled him like he had circled my bike. I looked at the junk he'd assembled. I decided I'd do what he wanted me to. I'd just do it all in my own time.

Standing behind him and holding his wrists I stood to one side for a swing. The slap, when it landed, sent oil droplets flying and started a nasty red handprint. I landed another on top of the first. I rubbed the oil in hard. I lubed his flesh and turned up the heat; he answered by raising his hum. I moved him and turned him to shine the bike's light on his ass for a close look at what he'd been flashing my way.

My breath caught. If his ass had been a moon before, I had managed to turn it to Mars. Red. Angry. Very hot. Ready for my exploration.

The can I hadn't recognized held some kind of grease. The top was off. My hand went in. I brought up a glob of the stuff to his ass and scouted him out with my fingers. The hole was more than willing. He was open and ready for more.

I was tired of leaning over to hold his hands. I needed somewhere to park him for service. The bike was up on blocks. Mike would go up on the bike.

I walked him over. Sat him down. Made sure the vice-grips straddled the tank and gave them some yanks for good measure. Pressed his face down on my speedo and found me some cable ties down in his pile. I let go his wrists and swung them down. I fastened his arms to my fork. I caught myself humming in harmony with his rising pitch. I kneaded his shoulders. I reached for his screwdrivers.

The pile held seven or eight of them—each with a different-sized handle. Each with a different-type shaft. Their usual use didn't interest me now. The shape of their handles was perfect. Picking them up all together, I held them out like a bouquet. I touched them to Mike's nose and face. does. He must have been ready. His mouth flew open. His tongue went nuts.

His asshole was open, too; ready and greased. The screwdriver handles fit fine. With graduated sizes first and then two and three at a time, I gave his ass a screwing that would keep him adjusted for hours. His sweat rolled. His oil shone. He opened up and took it all. He quivered and shook and kept raising his hum. His thighs clamped the sides of my cloth-covered seat; his nose-clamped pouch swung down free. I grabbed it. I squeezed it. I yanked it back, holding its hot-oil slickness hard in the palm of my hand. I used it to pull him back down on his handles. I used it to lift him up high. The hum he sang started to falter. The asshole was begging for more.

I pulled out the screwdrivers, dipped up more grease—and decided to go for the elbow. But something was missing. Mike's

humming had stopped.

The silence was total and much too loud. We needed some music. The kind that Mike loved.

I checked the blocks. I looked at the sprockets—just as I'd expected, he'd pulled off the chain. I adjusted the dropcloth and the man stretched across it to make sure my bike wouldn't injure his slave. I grabbed hold of the cloth-covered throttle and thumbed the sucker to life.

The purr was perfect. The look on Mike's face said it all. The look of his business end wasn't bad either. He was ready to let me drive in.

His greasy hot pucker spread around my hand like a cylinder cradling a piston. The fit was perfect, the tube was right, the idling rhythm was easy to find. If Mike was still humming I no longer heard him, standing on my bike's off side, stroking his back with my right hand and fistling his ass with my left, feeling the heat from his thighs and my engine, sharing his lust for his hard metal master, moving in tune with its song.

I reached up across him to reset the choke. It made the mixture much too rich, but I knew it couldn't last for long. Mike was close already. He just revved himself up and took off.

The scream he let loose now was like some kind of metal howl. The motions he made looked just like an unbalanced machine. He howled and he babbled and he drooled on his dropcloth. His body convulsed and he strangled my hand. Somewhere deep in his belly a pump kicked in, powerful and overprimed. Down against my forearm, hard and round, the last valve squirmed and danced and gave itself up to the flow it couldn't hold, not anymore, not like this, and it opened and let loose the hard hot streams of slick white oil that shot into and out through the filtering cloth of his overstretched jock. He would have spun off in every direction if I hadn't tied him down. He shuddered and jerked. He writhed and gasped. The noises he made were inhuman. They were perfectly tuned to the bike.

Whatever his fantasy cliff was, he'd sailed off it fast and hard. Now I figured he'd land the same way. I slipped out as smooth and as quick as I could. The sob I got made my blood run cold.

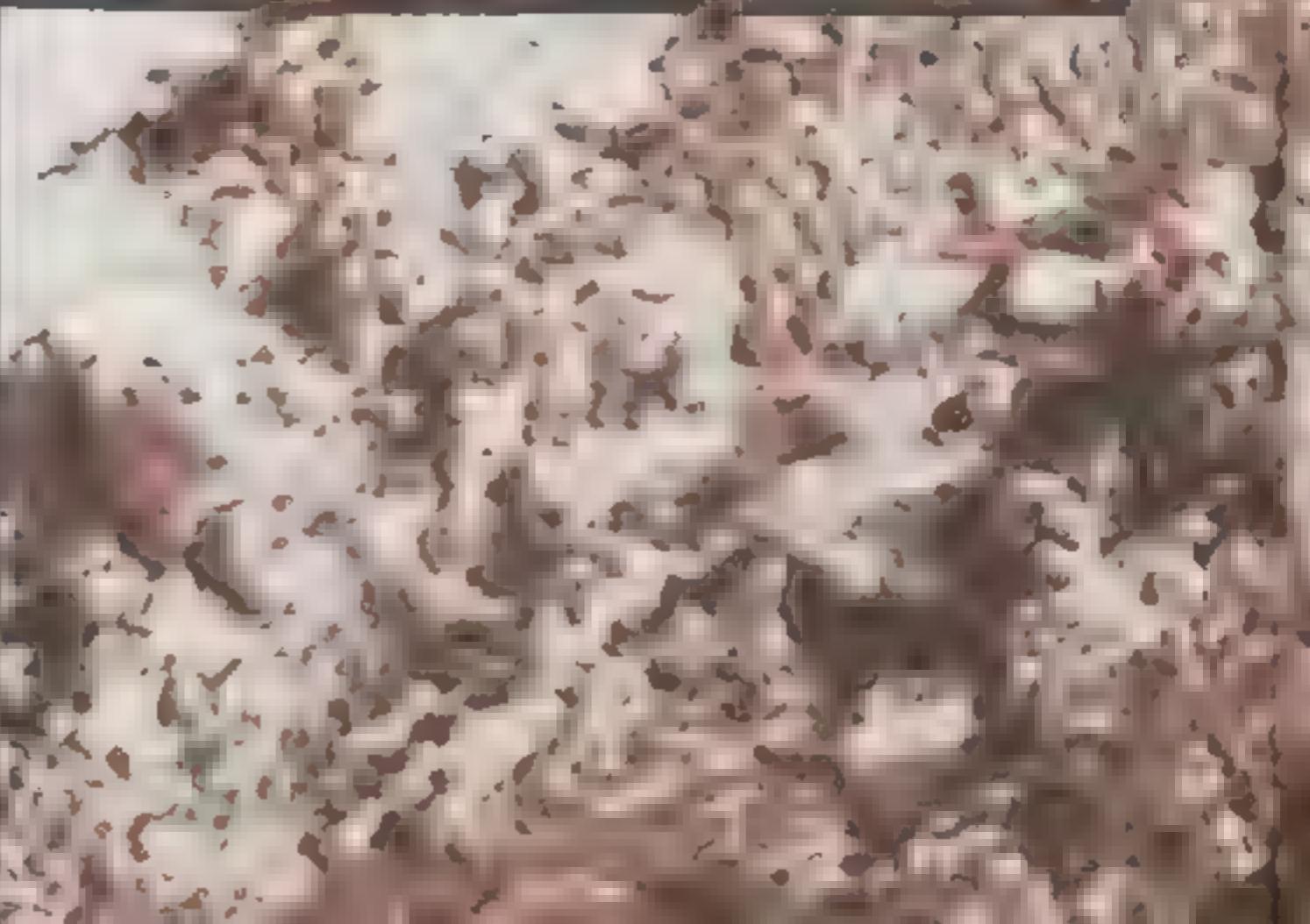
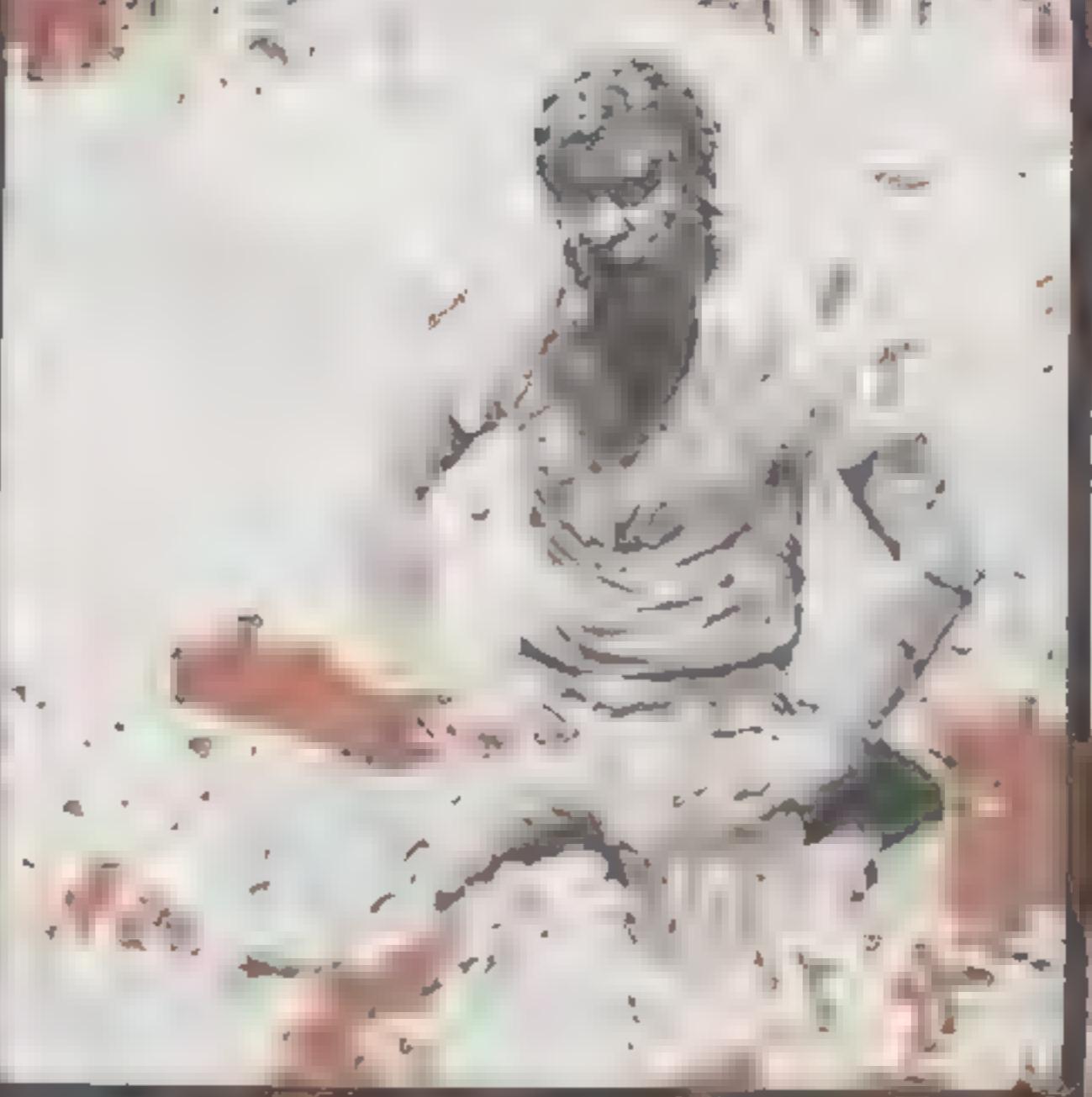
His mechanical orgasm over, one spent bike slave now needed loose. I cut the engine. I cut his ties. I freed both his tits from their clamps. I sat him up and held him, hot and oily, to my chest. I kept touching him in places that I knew the bike could never reach. He melted and flowed in my hands.

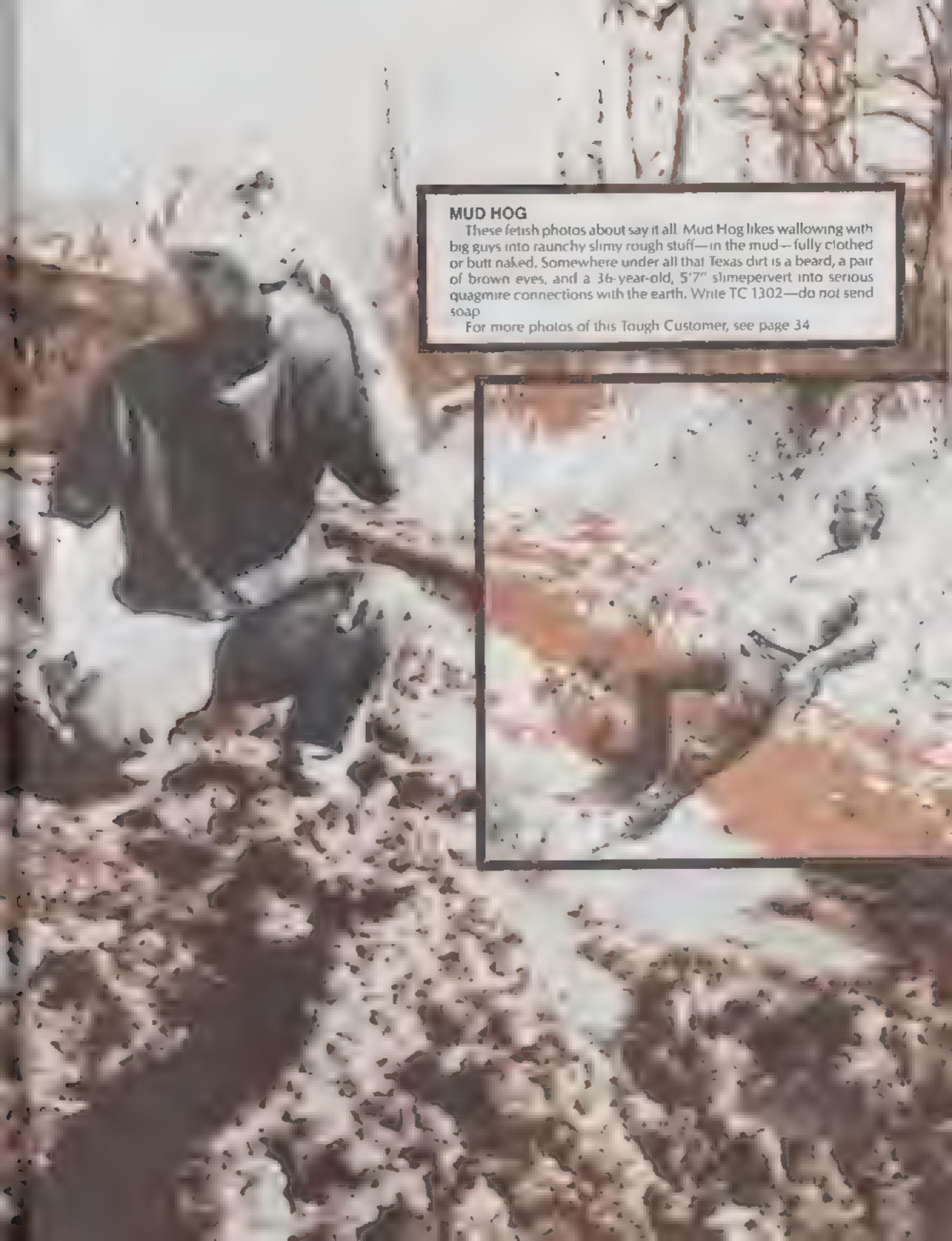
I still can't cook. I'm still no mechanic. These days I'm in bed by nine—but then I'm up again just after midnight. I sneak into Mike's shop just the way he knew I would the first time he watched me walk past. Lord, I love to watch that man make love to those bikes. Nobody loves bikes the way Mike does.

Especially now that they love him back. □

FETISH
FEATURES

TOUGH CUSTOMER



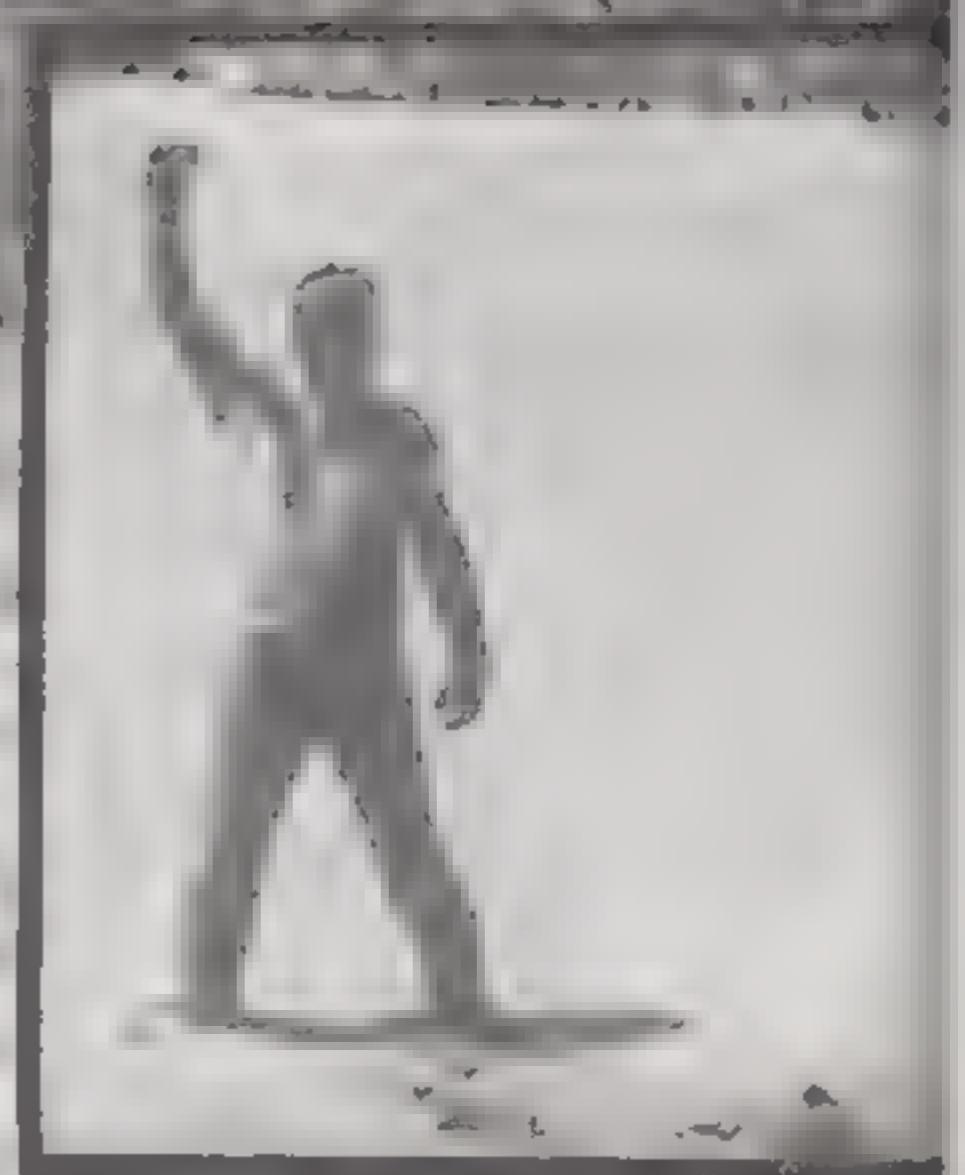


MUD HOG

These fetish photos about say it all. Mud Hog likes wallowing with big guys into raunchy slimy rough stuff—in the mud—fully clothed or butt naked. Somewhere under all that Texas dirt is a beard, a pair of brown eyes, and a 36-year-old, 5'7" slimepervert into serious quagmire connections with the earth. Write TC 1302—do not send soap

For more photos of this Tough Customer, see page 34





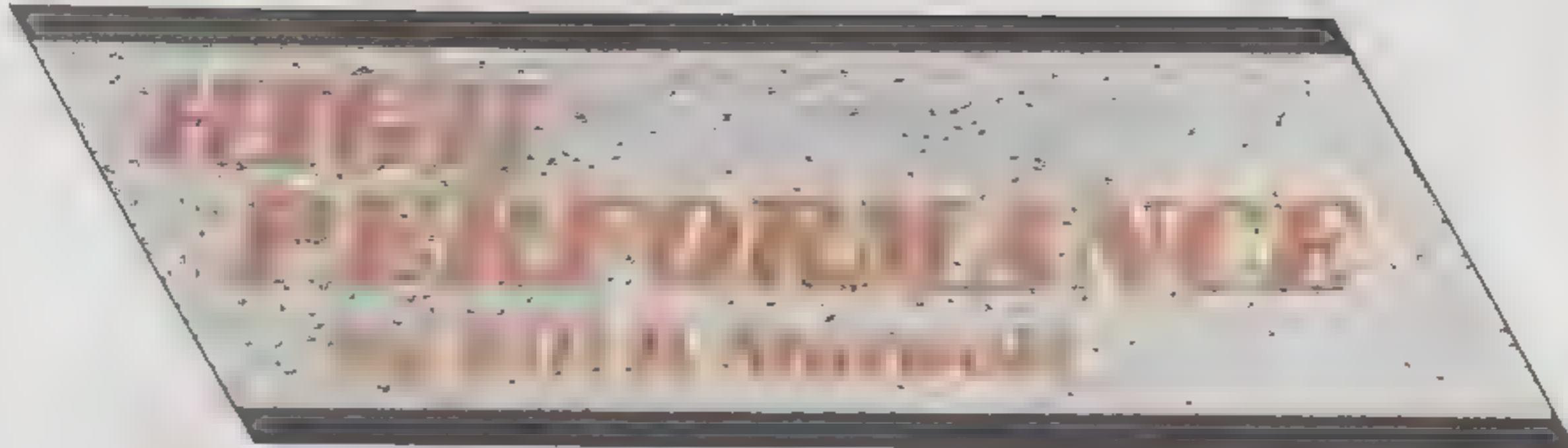
Rex STORY CONTEST



Last year's Rex Story Contest was so successful we decided to make it something of a Drummer "literary tradition." Featured, here, is last year's third-place winner, "High Performance"

by Bill Starwalt, which was artfully inspired by the above illustration. Now, it's your turn to let the infamous Rex inspire the hidden literary artistic/sexual beast in you.

The Rex Story Contest continues.



It was to be Dirk's last summer vacation working the old now deserted ramshackle filling station. It was unrelenting prairie hot. It was the soundless arrival of one violent man. It was the summer Dirk would hear the distant drum beat within himself...

The Red River snakes an ever-changing path through the prairies between Minnesota and North Dakota. The people in towns that border its banks like to think of it as a valley, but to men from other places, it's a landscape unrelenting in its flat boredom. To a man of the prairie its delights are more subtle, more rewarding for the effort expended to find them. Most pass through as quickly as possible on highways as straight as the rows of wheat and beets that flank them. Those who stop to look and listen are forever changed.

I was to this land that Dirk returned each summer to work at his uncle's filling station at the point where the town of Hallock merges with the fields. Dirk was familiar with the two old pumps and ramshackle garage which he had known since childhood. The setting had always served as a landmark for his memory. That summer would be the station's last. Dirk's uncle Oscar had taken a bad fall on last spring's ice and had moved to the convalescent home. Soon after, two shining and impersonal gas stations opened along the interstate across town, signaling the end of both the old station and Main Street.

For Dirk, it was a bittersweet finale. It was

his last year of summer vacation. Next year would bring his graduation from the university and entry into the world of 9 to 5. He knew that the innocent pleasures of small-town life would abruptly end, along with the station, come September. Secretly, he hoped for a dramatic event to preserve Oscar's station and this moment forever. Yet, as he whiled away the hours waiting for customers at the station, he thought of the stifling boredom, as inescapable as the July heat he now endured. "Nothing exciting in this valley anymore," he thought and smiled. "Not like when I was a kid."

On that holiday weekend the temperature was unbearable, the town deserted for the cooler environs to the north and east. Nothing stirred the air but the shimmering heat that rose from the fields and made the horizon dance. Not a single car had disturbed the station's weedy gravel all morning, and in the burning white light of midday with several beers already down, Dirk decided to close early. "Not a damn fool would drive these backroads anymore," he muttered and kicked at the loose gravel that did nothing to hide the baked earth beneath it.

He opened another beer and leaned the chair against the station wall. Balanced

there on its two legs, he kept his face in the little shade provided by the eaves. He stripped off his stained work shirt, tipping the perspiring bottle to his mouth and letting the cool brew slide across his expectant tongue, as small rivulets of foam escaped the corners of his mouth. With his other hand, he swept away the sweat that drenched the thick mat of black hair on his chest. He wished that he could shed the rest of his sweaty clothes and hot boots, but in an hour or two he'd be at the creek, swimming bare assed in the deep, cool pool beneath the cottonwoods. Just the thought took him away from the oppressive heat and he began to stroke his chest, imagining the slow caress of the water's current. He reached to touch his hard nipples, imagining the river minnows that enjoyed nibbling on his tits. Dirk began to lose himself to his fantasies.

Pinching hard on his erect nipples carried Dirk on waves of alternating pleasure and pain to that day in early June when he and his best friend Mark had gone to the creek. Mark had always been more than a friend. And that day in the cool waters Dirk had realized the full meaning of his feelings. Wrestling in the shallows had been their



Through a glaze of sweat and tears, Dirk could see the man's powerful biceps glistening with sweat as the stranger stretched and wound the rubber tightly around Dirk's ankles.

mutual passion, and that day Mark had grabbed him from behind locked him in a tight bear hug and held him close until Dirk's struggling exploded in orgasm. Chagrined they never mentioned the event again but it remained vivid and powerful in Dirk's mind. Even now he longed for the embrace of those powerful arms. Trapped in a jockstrap and tight, worn jeans, Dirk's cock slowly throbbed in its prison. He reached down and clenched his huge ball sack in his tanned and grease-stained fist and squeezed hard, savoring the moment and quelling the urge to shoot his load right there in front of the station.

Suddenly, from beyond the fog of Dirk's fantasies, came a deep and insistent voice "Hey, BOY! Are you fuckin' deaf? Are you gonna pump me or are you gonna keep playin' wth your prick till we both give up?"

The chair legs shot out from under Dirk, and he crashed to the ground. In an instant college boy was on his feet, flushed scarlet with embarrassment and face to chest with the stranger who had destroyed his day-dreams. The dust was slowly settling around a pickup at the pumps. Dirk hadn't heard a sound when it pulled in. He stared for a moment at the huge chest before him. The man was twice the size of Dirk. The boy fought back an urge to look the stranger in the face. "Regular or premium?" Dirk asked shyly.

"Premium, and wthout attitude, asshole, or I'll tell your mommy what you were up to! Check the oil, too, boy."

Dirk's cheeks burned as he walked to the truck. The stranger went around back to the rest room and Dirk felt relieved at not being closely watched. The pickup had obviously been on a long haul, it was more mud and dust than metal. Through the grit on the plates, Dirk could just make out Alberta. Looking over the disarray of the pickup, the boy noticed the bed of the vehicle was littered with an assortment of greasy machine parts, tools and chain. "He's probably one of those dumb assholes that works the oil fields, and now he's ornery as hell 'cause he hasn't seen his woman in a year. Yeah, he's beatng ass to get home to her before he has to turn around again." The pump stopped wth a shudder. A back-splash of gas muddied the dust down the side of the pickup and dripped slowly into

the gravel at Dirk's feet. The boy grabbed a sponge and squeegee and gave the windshield a sloppy once-over, leaving large streaks of mud concentrated on the driver's side. "I hope the fucker hits a cow," Dirk laughed. He reached under the searing hot hood, found the latch and threw the hood open just as the stranger reappeared from the station.

"Aren't you finished yet, boy?"

If there was anything Dirk couldn't stand, it was being called "boy." Inside, he raged at the thought, but something told him to hold it in. "This guy could be dangerous, but holy shit, I'll be damned if he isn't the hottest man I've ever seen." A rugged face with deep-set hazel eyes that burned hotter than the sun on Dirk's back. A bad haircut left the man with a ragged, unkempt look. Dirk realized why he had resisted looking at the stranger earlier, as the sight of him now caused Dirk to drift back into fantasy. The boy dreamed of the grip of those powerful arms.

Dirk leaned into the engine, searching for the dipstick. His college boy's tight butt in sweat-streaked, frayed Levi's presented itself to the stranger, sparking desire for more than gas and oil. A palpable tension hung in the still air like the insistent buzz of the grasshoppers. Below their whine Dirk could hear breathing and the crunch of gravel as the man slowly approached.

"What's the problem, boy? Can't reach that far?" The man circled Dirk's wrists with his hands. The boy was paralyzed with a hit of adrenaline and his knees went weak.

"Get your hands off me, man, I can do this myself!" Dirk protested as he tried to struggle free of the big man's grasp.

"I don't think so, boy. You need a real man to help you with a big machine like this. The oil's fine, but it looks like I'm gonna be about a quart low any time now . . ." He closed his hands around Dirk's balls, and continued, "even though that hefty dipstick of yours registers full to capacity." He laughed at the mock seriousness of his own voice, but Dirk saw no humor whatsoever in it as the stranger pushed the boy toward the old garage doors.

Dirk yelled, "What the hell do you . . .

He was cut short wth a bark, "Shut the fuck up, boy, and you're not gonna get hurt! Now we're gonna do a little body work in the garage. Open that door before I break

your fuckin' arm off!" He wrenched Dirk's arm even higher up the boy's back as Dirk flung open the creaking doors of the old garage that hadn't been used in years. "Good boy!" the man crooned in mock appreciation. "Now, back to the truck and drive 'er in." The man half pushed, half carried Dirk by his wrist back across the gravel.

"Damn it! Let me go, asshole!" the now frightened kid shouted as he struggled to regain his balance and his freedom.

The stranger grabbed Dirk's belt and heaved the boy painfully on top of the hood of the pickup. "I watched you earlier boy, and I noticed that you needed a cleaner rag to do the job right. Now lick it! Wet it down and lick it clean like you should have done the first time." Dirk could feel the grit between his face and the glass as the man ground the boy's face into the dirty windshield. Panting, Dirk stuck out his tongue and licked the glass as he was told to do. "Open the door, fucker! I said OPEN it!" the stranger bellowed. "Now, get in and drive her nice an' easy into the garage."

Dirk's heart and mind raced. Shaking violently, he turned over the engine and threw the stick into first. The gears ground and whined and Dirk's blunder was met with a sharp, hard backhand to the head that set his ears ringing. Dirk fumbled again for the stick shift, carefully slid it into gear and slowly rolled the truck into the dark recess of the old garage.

"I see you're enjoying this as much as I am, kid!" The stranger put a knife to the boy's throat. With his free hand, the man groped hard into Dirk's pulsing crotch. Dirk squirmed in pain. His balls twisted painfully in their tight confines. "Yeah, boy, I'm gonna show you what it really means to play grease monkey. I'm gonna give you a lube job and check your points and plugs! So get out and close the garage door!"

The door slid to the floor with a loud crash, but there was no one but the boy and the man to hear it.

With the knife again at Dirk's throat, the man marched the boy back into the garage where the oven-like heat brought back reality. The smell of old, oily rags, gasoline and lubricants mixed with the scent of the two sweaty men in an intoxicating blend that again made Dirk's cock rise. "I'm gonna have to do something about that damn

He Poured Booze Into His Ass

By George F. Tamm

prick of yours," the stranger grumbled. He forced Dirk's arms behind the boy's back. He viciously bound Dirk's hands together with rubber tubing until he was satisfied that Dirk wouldn't be able to stretch and wriggle free. Dirk fought the tight rubber that pinned his wrists, but the more he struggled, the more the tube constricted.

Dirk felt a blow to his belly and fell backward in delirious pain. The boy wanted to scream but couldn't make a sound. He found himself gasping in a shallow pit of sand where countless engines had been drained of their oil and where he now contributed his own sweat and rising vomit. Over the pounding in his head, he could barely hear the man behind him saying, "Just kicking your tires there, boy. I want to make sure you're gonna be a good used machine before I buy you. I've just got a few more tests to do to prove you're not a lemon."

Several minutes passed, filled with sounds, pain and emotions that Dirk had never before experienced. He could only move his body slightly as he tried to see what the man was doing behind his back. Again, the boy tried to free his hands. "I'm gonna kill that fucker! I'll tie him and cut him up!"

Suddenly the big man loomed above him. He lifted Dirk's boots and began to bind the kid's feet with more rubber tubing. Dirk tried to shift his legs, tried to kick at the man's vulnerable balls and massive, stiff cock, but the boy was paralyzed by his erotic fear. Now frantic, Dirk thought, "Don't tie me... please please don't tie me up! I'll be good... I—I do what you want. Don't hurt me I promise to be a good boy, sir!" Through a glaze of sweat and tears, Dirk could see the man's powerful biceps glistening with sweat as the stranger stretched and wound the rubber tightly around the kid's ankles.

"Boy, we're gonna see how many gallons your tank holds..." Roaring blackness obscured the rest of his threat, sweeping Dirk into oblivion.

In time Dirk's mind eventually cleared and he tensed his aching limbs—realizing that he was hogtied and helpless. Not only had the man tied his wrists to his ankles, but the stranger had also bound the boy's knees and arms above the elbows. Another tube stretched from the kid's feet to his neck, where it wound tightly at his throat. Any

struggle would choke him. "The fucker's no novice at this," Dirk thought, as he tried to stretch the restricting rubber far enough to move a few inches. Exhausted, college boy soon surrendered to his captor's bonds. Dirk attempted to clear his throat and discovered his mouth gagged with a rough, oily cloth held firmly in place by another tightly stretched tube. The sickening taste of the old rag crept down his throat and filled him with anger as the big man stepped into view, the shining knife still in his grasp.

The stranger lightly rested his boot at the back of Dirk's head. "You're not gonna give me any trouble, kid." The man pushed steadily, his heel digging deep into Dirk's skull as the boy yelled into the gag and strained against his bonds, fully expecting to suffocate beneath the man's heel. No amount of struggling could stop the slow torture, heightened by the man's loud laughter and obvious enjoyment of his domination. "Yeah, holler all you want, you little bastard, no one but me and you can hear it." Dirk could feel himself falling into a dark abyss of resignation, and he calmed himself with the fact that this was the end.

The stranger wrenches Dirk's head from the sand and slapped the boy hard and repeatedly into recognition of his pain and the situation. Again Dirk was wild-eyed and struggling. "I'm not gonna snuff you, not yet boy! You've got a lot of work to do for me yet, and besides, I like seeing a dumb fuck like you tied up, gagged, and struggling—scared shitless." The garage filled with the sound of the man's haunting laughter. Then, he split Dirk's jeans and jock with a quick flash of his knife, exposing the firm, steaming flesh of the boy's genitals. "I should cut these balls off right now, so you won't try anything," the stranger whispered close to Dirk's ear as he slid the dull side of the blade beneath Dirk's outstretched scrotum.

Dirk yelped into the gag and his cock jumped involuntarily in response. "Yeah, that's what I like to see, boy—a good spark. I'm just gonna have to tie these up and save 'em." He slowly bound Dirk's balls in tight bands of rubber, stretching them until they stood out full and shining. He continued up the rigid shaft of the kid's cock, encasing all but the massive head, slick with precum, until it glowed to match the orbs of Dirk's bound nuts. "Nothing I like better than a rock hard set of dick 'n' nuts tied tight and

saluting me. Now we're gonna continue your servicing, boy."

The stranger stepped behind Dirk's back and the boy heard the rip of denim as the man drew the menacing knife up the slit between Dirk's tight cheeks. "Hottest butt I've seen in years." Male fingers slipped deep into the hairy crack between Dirk's sweaty cheeks. The stranger felt for the tightly clenched hole, and pressed hard against its locked door as Dirk hurried into his gag in a mixture of intense pleasure and panic. "I see this has only been driven to church and back on Sundays. Let's give it a test drive."

The man pressed harder and harder with his thumb until Dirk couldn't resist it any longer. Lubricated by sweat, the man's finger slid abruptly into the hot, tight hole. "Hmmm, not much clearance I'll have to stretch this out." Dirk squirmed as one by one, the man inserted the fingers of his huge right hand. An unnatural pleasure filled Dirk's head as finally the man coaxed the first, second, and then third joints of his fingers into the hot, moist manhole. "Not bad, not bad, boy! Guess I'd better flush it out some." He roughly rolled Dirk over his fingers still deep in the tense asshole. He began to spread the hole wider. Carefully guiding with his fingers, the man fed the tip of a large metal funnel into Dirk's helpless ass and thrust it deep into the boy's gut.

Terrified, Dirk screamed into his gag, "Let me go!" The man reached for his unfinished beer and poured its contents into the waiting funnel, laughing as it drained deep into Dirk's ass.

"You move a muscle and you're a dead boy!" The man stood and surveyed his work, then stepped to his truck, found his litre of Canadian whiskey and returned to his prisoner. Taking a deep swig of the hot liquor, he emptied the remainder of the bottle into the funnel and chuckled, "A little antifreeze will keep you running good, I want you in high performance."

Dirk tried to back the pressure of the liquor out of his gut, but the man's steady finger over the opening of the funnel kept the liquid deep in the boy's bowels. Dirk tried to shift to his side but the man's grip kept the boy in place. Soon, the alcohol in Dirk's gut made its way to his head and he began to swim in the intoxication. Soon the beer and whiskey would pour from the kid's

Slowly the man withdrew, flicked the drops of cum from his still-hard cock and cuffed Dirk hard alongside the head.

ass.

Dirk writhed drunk in his bonds, the thick gag silencing his frantic protests as the man stepped to the workbench. Dirk heard the crashing sounds of heavy metal as the stranger pawed through the tools in search of something to satisfy his needs. "Uh-huh, there it is, just what we need, boy."

The man straddled back to Dirk's side, a large plumber's wrench in his hand. Groaning and shaking his head no, Dirk again submitted to his captor's upper hand—there was no contest. The man smeared the long handle of the wrench with axle grease and with deep breaths said, "Yep, I thought so, your cylinder's gonna need a new plug." He spread Dirk's ass, slathered grease over the tight hole and pressed the handle against the resisting sphincter. Despite Dirk's shouts, the man threw weight and purpose into the wrench and finally, Dirk's asshole opened to the invasion. Dirk could feel it slide slowly and deeply into his gut and realized that to resist its advance was more painful than to allow it to f— his ass with the hard chill of metal.

"That's right, relax and let it in. Feels good, don't it?" the stranger growled, glancing at Dirk's throbbing cock. Again, the man grabbed the wrench and pulled it a most all of the way out of Dirk's hole. And then—*um*—again. "Yep, that shaft's got a good stroke now," he said, oblivious to Dirk's deep animal-like moaning.

The man grabbed Dirk's hair and pulled the boy roughly to his knees. Dirk's head spun and he began to fall sideways. A quick cut behind Dirk's head removed the enforcement of the gag. Dirk allowed the man to pull the rag from his mouth. "I want you quiet, boy. Do you understand?" Dirk nodded, running his dry tongue over salty lips. With a wry smile, the stranger reached and pulled an oil spout from his back pocket. "What did I tell you, boy? You're low on lubricant. Over a quart, I'd say, judging by your dipstick. I don't want you runnin' too hot," the man laughed as he stepped toward Dirk, waving the spout in the boy's face.

"Open up!" the stranger shouted. Dirk jumped, the chain rattled his cock and balls danced, the steel in his ass probed even deeper and he a most lost his balance. Deep within, he could hear the booming of the drum, calling him, urging him, giving him courage to accept. He locked eyes with

the dark stranger and in that powerful exchange, surrendered his will to that of his more powerful master.

He opened his mouth and himself to whatever his master desired.

A hank of hair in his fist, the man pushed Dirk's head back and slowly inserted the spout between Dirk's teeth, then deep into the boy's throat. Fighting the urge to gag, Dirk concentrated on the burning gaze of the man's eyes. The spout descended deeper and stopped only when Dirk couldn't open his mouth any wider. "That's my good boy, you hold it there and don't you move a muscle." Standing inches from Dirk's face the man slowly unbuckled and removed his belt, laying it carefully over Dirk's shoulder. Button by button, he opened the fly of his jeans. The long dark hairs of his forearms brushed Dirk's chin and the boy moaned as the heavy, sensual smell of the man filled his nostrils. The man reached into his jeans and withdrew the glistening meat of his full, uncut cock and stroked it lovingly in Dirk's face.

Liquid released. At its sour taste, Dirk choked and piss streamed from the corners of his boy mouth and down his chest dripping from his tethered balls. "Take it slow, boy, 'cause you're gonna take it all." Dirk concentrated on the warmth of the piss in his mouth and opened his throat to accept the humiliation. The man filled the kid's mouth with more urine and waited for the liquid to drain before filling it again and again.

"Yep, at least a 10-gallon tank," the stranger said, shaking the last golden drops from his cock head. "Might as well top it off," he resolved. And the man began to stroke his cock again until it stood hard and straight above Dirk's receptive mouth. "You've passed, boy! You're gonna be my personal grease monkey, uh-huh. Nobody else can do service like you, boy! Yeah, I'll be back, an' you'll take care of my machine again," the stranger crooned as he slid his wet, pungent cock up and down the spout, rocking his towering body back and forth in time to the repeated plunge of his meat.

Dirk lost himself in a world where his body no longer existed, only waves of sensual, dangerous energy kept him in touch with his surroundings. The drum beat in his head drowned out everything but its own insistent call to arms, that he must follow. Long denied, its sound crashed

through all doubt and hesitation.

Dirk realized that he himself was the drummer.

Both men simultaneously burst with ragging orgasm. The stranger roared, pulled the oil spout from Dirk's mouth and thrust his cock deep into the boy's throat, where spasms shook both of them to the core of their experiences. Dirk was over the edge. Gulpng wildly at the man's cock, the boy could only want more. Dirk felt the stiff rod of the wrench deep within his ass, and rocking on his heels, fucked himself as hard and deep as he possibly could, knowing that the wrench was as strong and uncompromising as the man himself. He now knew that to be beaten, bound, gagged and fucked afforded the greatest freedom of all. To surrender himself totally, he had to examine the very depths of his own soul.

Therein he found the wings to fly.

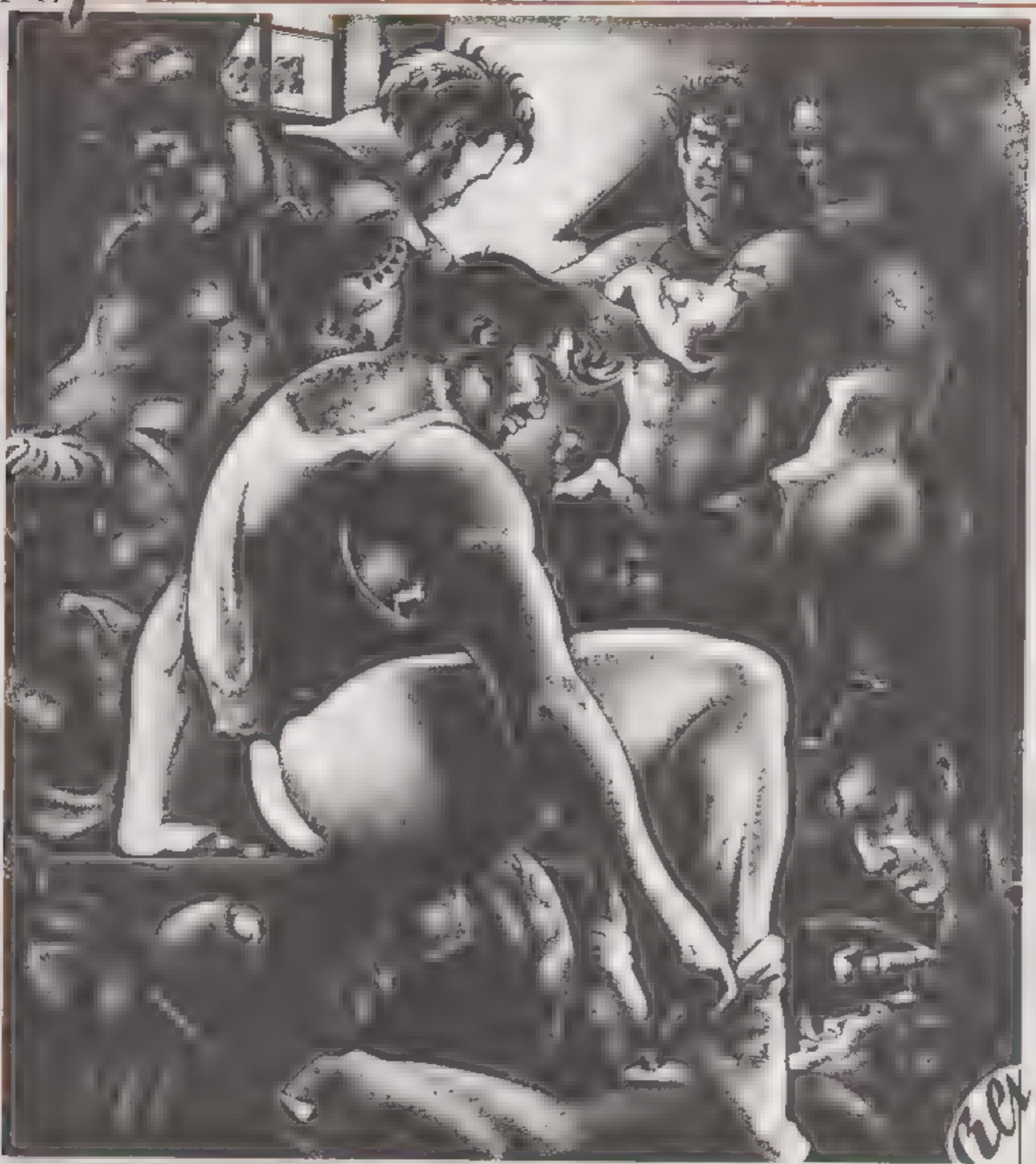
Slowly the man withdrew, flicked the drops of cum from his still-hard cock and cuffed Dirk hard alongside the head. Dirk did not flinch. His gaze did not stray from his master's as the man gagged him tightly again with the rag. The man stepped quickly to the door of the garage, threw it open and turned to Dirk. Staring long and hard at his bound conquest, he grinned slightly and said, "I'll be back." With that, he swung himself into the open door of the pickup, roared the engine to life and backed quickly out of the garage. With the squeal of tires and crunch of gravel, he was gone. Dirk laid his spinning head in the sand to wait.

Late that night, Dirk was discovered by another traveler after the boy had managed to crawl to the door of the garage. After a trip to the county medical center to certify that no damage had been done, Dirk sat distant and impatient in the sheriff's office answering incessant questions. "You're damn lucky to be alive," the sheriff said. "That man could have done a lot worse. I just can't believe something like this happening. That kind of nonsense happens in the cities, not here! He must have been from outstate right? OK, you've given me his description, did you get the make, model and license of the car?"

From within, Dirk heard the now familiar staccato rhythm as his answers were transcribed. "Uh, I think it was an '85 Honda hatchback—blue, and, uh, the license umm, GV529, from Colorado..." □

REX STORY CONTEST

1 9 8 0



Feel the sensuality. Let your imagination sweat with lust. Enter the 1988 Rex Story Contest and let leather-readers everywhere into your private fantasies.

Write a story that would fit the Rex illustration featured here and send it to us by the first of the year 1989. The stories will be evaluated by Tony DeBlase, the publisher of *Drummer*, myself, and appropriately enough, Rex.

The first place story will be published in

Drummer, the author will receive \$100 cash and a subscription to *Mach*. Other stories may also be selected for publication. All stories must be between twelve and twenty-five pages in length. Submissions must be typed, double spaced, and can be sent on an IBM-compatible 5 1/4" floppy diskette in ASCII format (a printout should accompany the disk). Send SASE if you want your manuscript returned.

—Tim Barrus

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How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (75¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,

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Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

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GWM 30ish seeks same. Mister P.O. Box 6693
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NAKED BONDAGE SEX SLAVE
Needs total master into heavy S/F Bondage and T.T., CBT, T, Piercing, Tattooing, Branding and Total Ownership 5'7" 130, love all above plus group S/F plus nudity, chastity devices, and exhibit. Will relocate. Photo to Mike P.O. Box 14402 Oakland, CA 94614

TORTURE VICTIM
seeks Hot Sadist for permanent relationship ANY scene within monogamy, caring, honesty. I am a professional, 46, 6'2", 170, good-looking hairy uncut and CAN relocate. Please write with photo to 2009 NE 22 Street, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305. Share expenses optimism and FUN!

FULLTIME MASOCHIST WANTED
Fairly small, fairly young, with strong desire for life of servitude—Demanding Master offers 24-hour control. CBT/T, Pain, C, worship a musl. It's 6'2" x 5' around. Monogamous, long term. All expenses paid after acceptance. Must be able to relocate now! Detailed application w/photo, phone. Master 6' 170 lbs 50 somewhat a tanner 2372 Ingleside Avenue Macon, Georgia 31204

BALL FIGHTS WRESTLING

Tough hot horny leather jock BG W M 35 6 bl/bl, chest 48 arms 18, looking for rough men into real action. You are 21-49 muscular and get off on ball fights, ball grabbing, bad contests, wrestling, fighting, leather sweat, w/s and real tough man-to-man action. If you got the guts to take me on, reply with picture to Jock Gunther P.O. Box 7213, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33338-7213. Kinky safe sex only

DAD SEEKS B B SON

Successful W M 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GWM P.O. Box 1373 Manhattan 15 66502

TALL SLIM SLAVE WANTED

Master 6'2", 165 lbs, hairy Daddy 50 seeks boy slave who's ready to serve full-time and be dominated. Must have good firm ass, small waist, no pot or love handles. Relocate San Diego. Serious calls only (619) 296-8437

BLACK SPANNING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks etc. pick up the phone. John Rose (212) 689-5477

GLOVES, UNIFORMS CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered photos returned Box 6171

GERMAN LEATHER B KER SON

6'180, W/M, 25, good-looking college stud looking to serve Master take care of your boots, leather tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal 34 5'9", 172 lbs, blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek French, B/D just about anything, uniforms fantasy action. Master may write to Zack P.O. Box 14630 Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter phone, photo instructions, please (LF6406)

SUCK BUDDIES

Dubs/Groups/Parties Non profit network Send SASE to BB, 584 Castro #395 San Francisco CA 94114

DILDO BOTTOM?

Sadistic bearded master seeks GM's seeking dildo training, heavy V-A, beatings, etc. Smoke "aroma" optional. Serious replies to Box 36065 Philadelphia PA 19112-0065

MALE MAIL

Letters, drawings and photos exchanged Box 6612

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs, black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance, submission, send letter with photo to Mitch P.O. Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252 Box 6398LF

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters 28/31 bearded tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather discipline, bond age and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submisive letter and photo immediately Box 6377LF

SPLATTER ME WITH PIES

Handsome W/M 36, seeking attractive, aggressive than who will throw pies at me after tying me up and tickling my tits. I'm into shaving cream and pie fights, light bondage, play, hairy chest, footsex. Send letter and photos Box 6601

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me unusual W/M, 37 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard. Larger, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004

URSUS HORRIBILIS

GWM, 40, 6'2", 230#, black hair, beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, biker, hung out. Looking for an equal for pullin' and partyin'. Into bikers, cops, truckers, bears, construction workers, etc., especially hairy, hung, uncut. Not into top/bottom, master slave bullshit games. Non-tobacco users only. LF6440

HOT DADDY IS ON HIS KNEES

Dad's a strong, smart, successful, good looking man, 43, 6'10", 160 lbs., thinning black hair, brown eyes, swimmer's build, very masculine and intense. You're the object of his worship, a young man with very good looks, body and mind who know what he wants. Letter and photo to Bob, P.O. Box 45355 Phoenix, AZ 85064

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WRESTLE & KICK DADDY'S ASS

From wronged sons kinky wrath this Daddy won't flinch ass & nipples primed for a boot prod or pinch; bound naked & gagged to savor the screams caused by brutal condom-capped cocks expanding Dad's throat & ass seams. Finally blindfolded in disgrace as young balls butts & bladders erupt on his face Bob Miami After midnite, 305-274-4773 Box 6509LF

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimpies, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar military or construction types. One of the area's best-equipped slave rooms. Request application Tom PO Box 28852 St. Louis, MO 63123

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet shy boy 30-50, 185 lbs, blue eyes brown hair and moustache looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex into Levi leather uniforms and cowboys. Will relocate Box 6232LF

SENSITIVE TOP

Seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35 average weight interests in all male aspects of S/M bondage daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs brown blue. Send picture, detailed letter to Dave PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039 (LF6231)

LEATHERMAN

WM 58, 135 lbs, 35 yrs old, SP hair, blue eyes, 6'2", cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner open-minded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786 Daddy-Son

LEATHER TOP

Seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40 in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs. Top LF4883

MUTUAL RAJINCH

Bearded WM 58, 135, 40 likes hard rock & poppers, fireplaces, rain wet dirty Lees, leather boots, seeks slender GM, black & 40+ or into mutual WS, SHIT, SM, BD, top/bottom, snuggles, ready for monog relationship, lover friend, willing to relocate to NC Box 6236LF

BOTTOM SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy top seeks son/bottom for intense physical-mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4+) man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time

GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area but like mail. Prefer skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha

DAD SEEKS BB SON

Successful WM, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs, will provide opportunity for full time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair, eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business girls. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

SON SLAVE

You are any age, not fat or fat, obedient, energetic, needing direction, capable of giving and receiving love, loyalty, permanency. Dad is in perfect health, 57, 6'1", 160 lbs, 8" cut, bald, glasses, into constant but leisurely travel by van, nudity, massage, wrestling, BD, SM, earned affection. Letter photo, phone to Dad on the road. I may be near you now. Box

MUSCLE BOY SLUT

6', 195 lbs, 46c, 32w, 27. Ready to rock out & muscle up to 220+. Turn into muscle slut apto heavy muscle, exhibition, leather, shaving, W/S, 3+ ways. Seek 1 or more serious BB tops. Send photo & letter Box 6689

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

In shape, 5'11", 175 lbs, 42" c, 31" w, size 8, cut, and altitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get tof now to this 43 year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/weekend training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs, blue/blond, demanding—leather, Lewis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank (612) 690-4167, LF6457

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

for Boston Muscle Boy stable. Master, 38 tall, well-built construction worker, a body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated, seeks slaves, 18-28, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, gymnasts & body builders heading a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. Will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. Aim a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work school as determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top quality applicant. Physique photos. Letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications. Telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St, Boston, MA 02114, 617-437-1821

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A MAN TO OWN
W M slave 29, 6' 175, seeking to serve a master as permanent full time slave will serve as required without limits. I'm healthy HIV neg and 100% serious Sir give me a chance I won't disappoint you Box 6649

SON-SLAVE AVAILABLE
Please take this 6' 2" 185 lb good-looking boy under your wing. I have known for a long time what was born to be—now it's time to live it. Somewhat timid but will not say no to right Master Photo phone Box 6650

CIGAR MASTER WANTED
no bondage, discipline. Take your frustrations out on this punk slave needs to be cuffed and pu. in his place by a Tough Master Am white 140 lbs Black hair blue eyes Box 6652

FARMBOY STUD
Are you the ultimate top? If you are a big handsome extremely muscular intelligent dominant master here is the bottom for you 26, 5' 0" 170 lbs. bi bi. Huge thick cock Farmboy, very athletic very cocky. Inexperienced but learning quickly. Quiet and obedient with all incredible ass. I am eager to please only if you are man enough to be my master. A detailed letter about self and expectations with photo & phone gets same Box 666

ARROGANT MASTER WANTED
GWM 27, 5' 11", 140 black hair. Need Master to totally control me mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently. Brainwashing, S&M B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER
Wants totally submissive young, slim, low-limit masochistic slave for new heights. Needed release. Novices must want far asides turned into sale. send rough reality. Travel visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master 6' 175, 45. Apply letter phone photos Suite 769 263 A West 18th Street, NYC. 10011 (LF6017)

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SATAN WORSHIP
Attractive healthy, W M 28, 5' 11" 150 seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write Box 6102LF

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE
45-year-old trucker wants young slave to earn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF (619) 723-8481

COCK SLAVE
Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing bear Top, with hot mind, body and cock wanting deserving service. I'm 5' 8" 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner. I'll make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes fens. PO Box 1044 Westbury, NY 11590

CONTROL
WM Top 5' 11" 37 seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more to the point where you are controlled. Call 714-957-2642 7-11 PM for appointment discussion or write Box 6094LF

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HOT LEATHER TOPMAN
GWM 36, 5' 11", 185 brown/blue mustache seeks other hot Tops bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/ hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Big heavy sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncut cowboys. Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother. Dad for right man. Into photography. 88, hiking. No lems, drugs. Reply w/ hot photo phone to Box 4675LF

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY CUNT
Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash! I will welcome your dark or light with lubricated extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

AS AN SM BONDAGE MASTER
Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good looking blond. 5'7" 138 lbs. smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints wax, clamps, suspension, tilt for fun, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC SF DC Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303 West Hollywood, CA 90069 (LF6051)

WANTED—YOUNG SAM SLAVE
Training discipline bondage C&BT TT face slapped, hair pulled, spankings and rough orders by two Masters, 18 and 48. You become whatever turns us on. No permanent damage limits increased. Send photo including face. Mr. Jones and Mr. Heim. PO Box 33386 Coon Rapids MN 55433

HOT & HUNKY
Exceptionally sexy hot, young male stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off! You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it or forget it. Box 6126

BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE
W M 36 lean muscular masculine. Imaginative, easy going, discrete versatile seeks similar in-shape buddy for capture, bondage torture games. Indian, Roman, Inquisition other classic scenes possible in hot sweaty erotic, but safe sans lashin. Permanent relationship relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had' Box 6129LF

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Handsome officer seeks truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on I-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch tongue-bath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. I'm mid-30s. Well built endowed. Box 5724 Savannah, GA 31414

TRAVELING SON
30s, 5' 10", 150 lbs. am into Fr. Gr. hot ass/buns. FF spanking. Night S. M. recycled beer shower and 3 ways. Top only for FF prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt., TN. Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

I'M NOT A SLAVE
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SATANIC WORSHIP
Sadistic hot W M. 32, 140 blond hairy, huge shaved cock and balls seeking masochists into heavy ritual scenes. Require serious attitude, intense capacity for pain and totally depraved participation. Expect intense S M bondage T/T, C&T, whips, beatings, boots, leather, shaving, piercing, cutting, shit piss, fire and more. Also looking for other Topmen into the same. Phone photo serious letter I'm for real! Box 6662

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SHOW ME YOURS, DADDY!
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Bear son is 25 yo. hairy all over with
8 thick meal. Your photo gets mine. Box 6670

SLAVE SEEKS OWNER
GWM, 30, 5' 11", 165, born to serve, seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need to serve serious, experienced master as his live in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6613

LEATHERED BOOTTED MASTER
Tall tough cop needed with equipment and toys for intense control. Bondage, verbal, physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man. Visit friendship. Box 6523

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SADISTIC MASTER
Sadistic 34-yr Master seeks experienced slave wanting full time permanent live in slavehood. Extreme pain during prolonged torture scenes to be expected. Be under 36, hairy and in good shape. Send application and resume with photo. PO Box 22602 Minneapolis MN 55422

SLAVE SEEKS OWNER
GWM, 30, 5' 11", 165, born to serve, seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need a serious, experienced master to serve as his live in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6618

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LEATHER TOP NEEDED
WM 29, 5' 5" 135 lbs bottom looking for tough demanding TOPS into S. M. B. D. C&T, T/T, whips, electricity, leather boots, toys, playrooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant leatherman into all facets of S. M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6692F

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Butch, hot hairy, muscular weight trained big dicked, mustached. 35 yr old 6' 175 lb needs to hook up with one or more leather daddy types for evenings or weekends of using my throat as their lockhole. I'm together, secure, handsome, healthy and can travel at my own expense to service you into VA, NC, C&T, WS, light bondage, weed, poppers and long hard sessions of deepthroating your cockringed horseback. Let me swallow your load sir! PO Box 5409 Arlington, VA 22205

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Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leatherman. Snap my ass while you ram my thigh, hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym. Teacher's—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hpt 18k. Call Rob any time 312 472 5664

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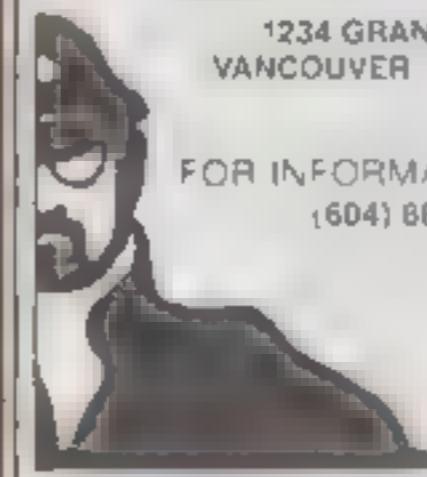
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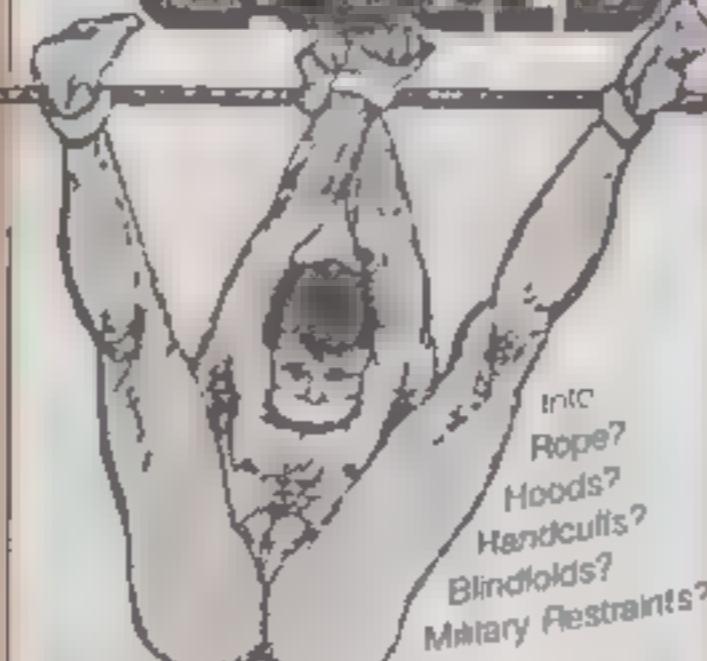
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ing on the monitor doubled the intensity, and we ended up with two things... a very hot dirty home movie, and a lasting friendship. There have always been only two copies of our Key West fuck... one for Casey, and one for me. Casey's gone now, but he had sent his Donovan/Answer copy to Mikal Bales at Zeus with a note saying "Mikal... do something with this. Love, Casey." Since Mikal and I have been involved in a relationship for a number of years, we decided to do just what Casey wanted. We went back to the best guest house in Key West... Early House... for me to recall that long ago fuck with Casey Donovan, and for Mikal to film it. After a sweaty, horny afternoon by the same pool, I went upstairs to the same room and worked my dick off hard and slow to a distant fantasy that had come true. "Early House" is a steamy, hot, tropically lush video of yours truly jacking off to the rock hard memory of Casey

Donovan's cock bludgeoning my eager ass. If you get off on two very horny blond men going at each other's bodies like lions in heat, take a VCR vacation to Key West with me and Casey. I know he'd love it. And as for me... thanks, Casey, this one's for you."

Scott Answer



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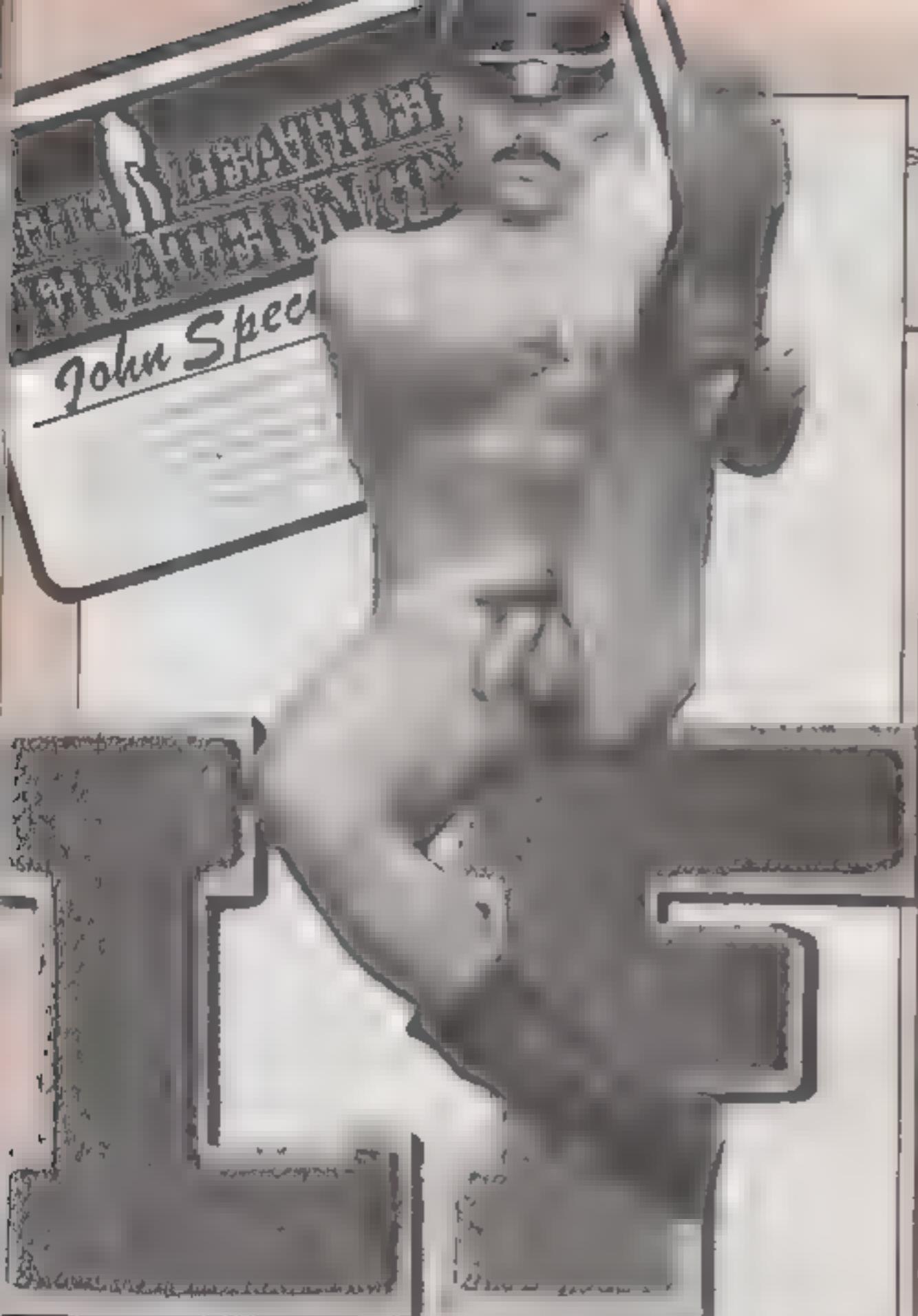
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WM 30, looking for hot big-dicked top dad buddy. Too independent for slave but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6" 140 lbs, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/ photo. Box 6209LF

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BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35-5'6" 170 blond/hazel. Bottom 35-6'2" 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather FF dildoes, C&T, catheters, rims, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather FF dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get wanked out and do a leather anal invasion. 209) 576-2260 (LF6319)

WANTED SLAVE BOY & HOME BODY TYPE BUDDY

Horny East Bay GWM Couple—1st Dominant Daddy Top ONLY Leatherman, 38-6'1" 200+ lbs. Cut thick 7". 2nd versatile Levi Type 43 5'8" Cut 5 1/2", 150 lbs. Looking for versatile boy-man with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 into Leather Levis, Jockstraps, Gym Gear Speedos for Sale & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Teasing Tongue Baths, G cat Massages, J/O & Oral & Assplay. Box 6408LF

ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER

Straight-appearing man, early thirties wants to smell your brown hole and lick your cheesy cock and pissed-stained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild; get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy's hot shit-hole. Mutual rimming and J/O, spanking too. Cum often. Letter and phone # to Stan, Box 6371LF

NOPE HOUSEBOY SON

wanted by retired GWM 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under. Blonder, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full color photo. Box 6123LF

D ABLO DEVIATES

An association of leatherman into hot, safe deviates sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24 hour playroom with toy equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties but city folk are welcome. For details BASE 10 DV8s, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527 7672

WANTED BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM 31, 6' 160 brn/blue beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leatherman and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hooded, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

COMPULSIVE RAUNCH STJD

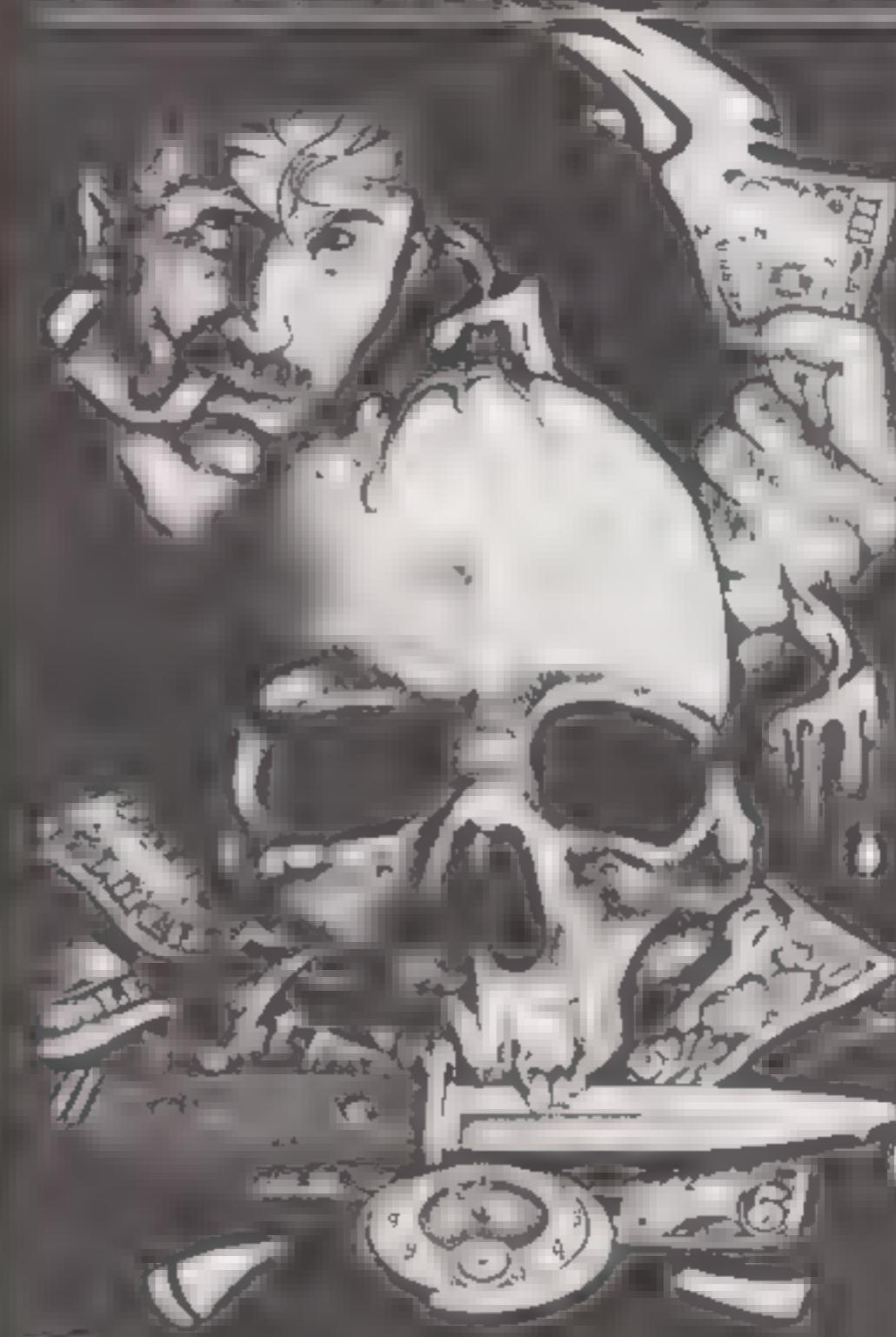
Likes urine, nuts, nipples, feet, penis, leather spit boots, armpits, cockslubber, cigars, degradation, odor, beer, queer talk, mindfuck. Real goodlooking 31, 5'11", 155, solid healthy, bearded, intelligent, versatile/bottom. Wants masculine dude under 40 into any of the above. Box 6143LF

FACESITTERS, PSS & JO

Going w/ M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and anal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write Bill S, R#237, 2215 R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114

Armageddon

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SAN FRANCISCO CA 94101

DAYTIME HORNY TOPS

Hot, muscular hung, 35-yr bottom wants only YOUR kinky scene. Bikers, leather/rubber duds, boots, w/s etc., uniforms, discipline pain. Days and kinky only 2215-A Market St Box 510 SF 94114

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town 5'6", 135 lbs, 32 yrs copper beard. Hairy B' clipped, oversexed. Husband seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline bondage both at home and in the Sierra. Humiliation, shaving ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son. Slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me. If you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred, Mark PO Box 892, Clovis, CA 936 3. ILF54391)

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented. 35 5'10", 150 smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647 San Francisco, CA 94188 0647 (ILF6425)

SM DR. SOUGHT

By mature active GWM with stamina and drive for intense, wild, extended, safe scenes looking for Top into medical trips of all types. Let's meet, play and experiment together. Guar. ans to reply but interest is to meet not correspond. POB 31782 SF CA 94131

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

I'm boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass through proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy. Likes his ass beat with paddles and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow his bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 10, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny arrogant stud. Top—red assed. Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs please. Box 5477

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white 30-year-old S.F. leather man seeks training by experienced leathered tops. My interests are heavy bond age and safe S&M—but no long-term marks. Have well equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man but am safe-sex oriented, no fluid blood. FF. Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Finscription is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If you place it at your master's feet. Kicking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air. Then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter and phone to Box 4988LF

HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE

and vicinity. Wanted: sexy, trim bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders, leather harness, bondage, paddle and more. Inexpensive. Okay in W/M 165 lbs, 35 hand w/e. with dark features, together safe, and imaginative. Send photo (preferred), self-description, and your ideas. Box 6561LF

GLOVES/CIGARS/MARLBOROS

Fuckin SKINTIGHT black leather gloves cup on a stogie or Marlboro get my dick hard. Also into fuckin hot redneck verbal shit and UNIFORMS Jim (415-673-1264)

WHIPPING MASTERS NEEDED

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more. Into enema and medical trips heavily tied and gagged by hairy extremely hung tattooed masters. 415-626 3047

WET AND WILD

I'm 5'6", 180 lbs, dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 yrs. Into watersports (non-oral). Lite bondage, leather, jockstraps. I'll play oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs, into same Box 6370

LOOKING

Was 5'0 M into FF WS GP FR A P leather fantasies "trips," older rugged men, the Sisi Holhouse, toys, playroom, creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155 lbs/btn, uncut B" hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service. Trip music. Box 6554LF

MASTER

54-year-old, good body tattooed, seeks slave any age, who needs to be one. Must be masculine and fairly quiet. Prefer someone equal to my build 5'11", 150 lbs. Paul (415-255-0970)

HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (415) 391-9755

ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me slurp on it. Goodlooking husky 33-yr-old GWM male seeking white and cabin men who love their butts snuffed, kissed, licked, sucked on and eaten out. Also into TT, WS, VA, pits, fcs and into raunchy Buddy scenes. OK. 6622LF

MASCULINE, REAL

Hol. masculine real pervert, 40 yrs. B-180# bi-bl. masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive. Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF

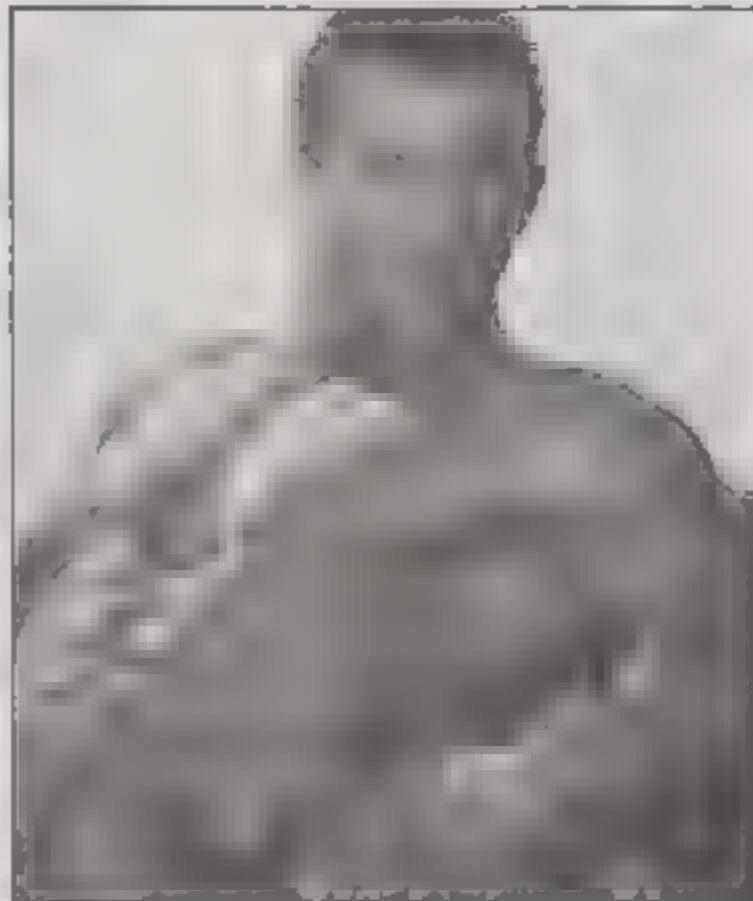
FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

DADDY'S BOOTLOVING BOY
seeks hot construction workers, police officers, leathermen, means animal masters for all hot scenes. You be the daddy and I'll be the boy as you order me what to do. Wet wud, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootloving boy. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 6658

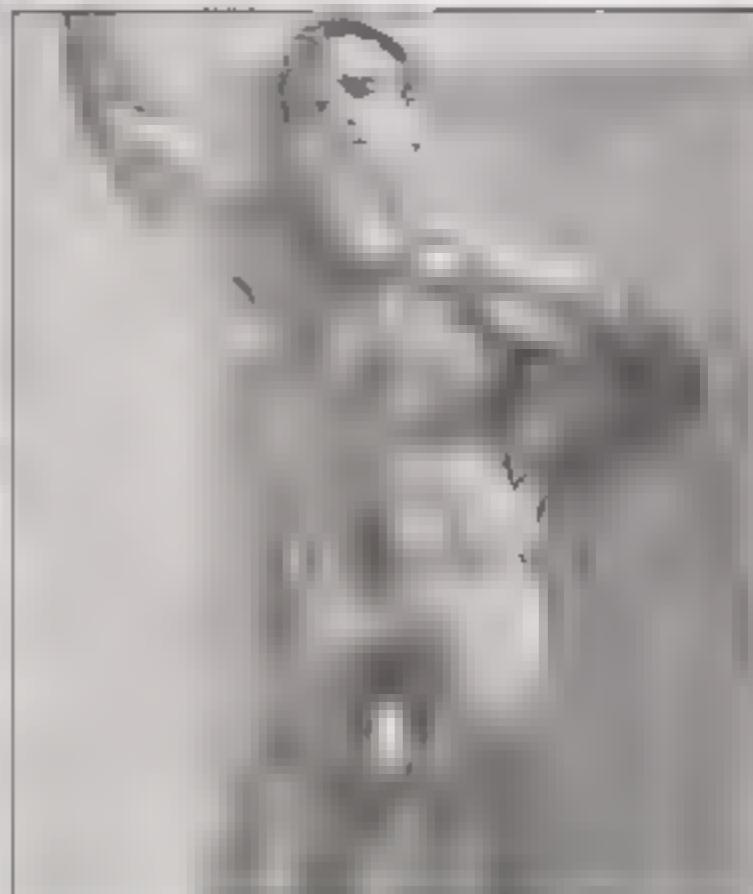
NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis. Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs. good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile. Top prefer 50-50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoeing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF

HAVE YOU SEEN THESE MEN?



If you're on **COLT's**
private mailing
list you have —
or will!

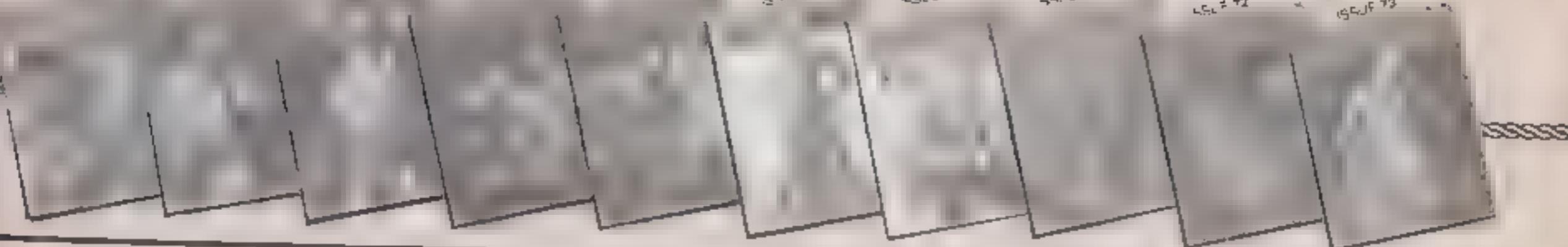


COLT

COLT STUDIO, PO BOX 1608A, STUDIO CITY, CA 91604

This offer void in Texas, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida. You must state you are over 21.

THE COLT FOLIO: \$5.00



SLIM BI-WM REDHEAD DAD

Seeks special son for real relationship. I'm together, 40's. HIV- recently out of closet to supportive teenage daughters. You are young '20s? slim masculine can relate well to multi-dimensions of a basically straight world, a positive family environment, being able to openly share a Dad's bed and Dad-son oriented sex. No to drugs, heavy alcohol, heavy S.M., HIV+. Photo, detailed letter including sexual interests. Box 6651

WATERSPORTS

Very goodlooking 27-year-old into piss, both giving and receiving. Singles or groups. Must be goodlooking and under 35. Photo Box 6655

SLAVE BOY

Master will strip, chain, and train his slave to perform household tasks flawlessly—and then spank him hard, or whip him hard, just for the fun of it. As my slave you will crawl and beg to serve my every whim. Very safe, no sex just to be submission body and soul. You must be young, trim, handsome, and squeaky clean. Send photo and phone. If you're ready for an older master an aristocrat who is tall, strong, demanding and merciless. Box 6660

YOUR PATIENT

Japanese 35, 5'8", 135. Trim, health-conscious need doctor to give me complete naked physical examination with instruments all my body. Possible photo. Box 6667

63-YR-OLD GRANODAD

Seeks submissives of all ages who will fuck, rim, drink & submit to V.A., B.D., G/S & Rauch. Any combination, all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF

POTENTIAL

Slave in need of care and training. WM 30, 6'165 lbs., into all forms of subservience. Looking to be penetrated, opened up and tortured. Photo appreciated. Box 6672

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN
Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs. Well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS
Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on. Sir arrest me! Box 6054LF

BLK, GREY, RED & ? BUDDY
Seek a imaginative s'able 'n hairy ones. 35+ rather than. don't beuddy to share dreams, challenges & more. A n same 4'7" 168 n shape cu' p nips, stached BR, 3 by BL, H2, GWM, healthy antibody +, non? Step smoke sensual n' hot! Educ & train the own home & noble p of & love s'able. n' nacy & n' nasy. Fo n' phone. acc'd. abham Box 53 2LF

ATTRACTIVE BOY
20, 5'8", 145, smooth novice, GP FA. Seeks master like bondage, eager to learn. Box 371464, San Diego, CA 92137 1464

LA BOTTOM WANTS TOPMAN

Hot bottom, 36, 5'5", 130, good gym body, thinning blonde, pierced, wants dominant daddy, topman. Turn-ons: beards, hairy chests, cigars, leather tattoos, mansmell. Scenes: oil, piss, bondage, cuffs, catheters, hot wax, slings. This good-looking man wants to satisfy you. No smoke, drugs. If you want it, take it. Box 6621LF

BEARDED MASTER WANTED

by muscular smooth slave, 40, 5'3", 140 lbs. Please reply to PO Box 15181, Los Angeles, CA 90015

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mika, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good looking, and into FF WS, JD, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony (213) 777-0122 PO Box 47552 Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JD or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are it. You want a stud slave with spirit, write with pic to Surfholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd, LA, CA 90066

FIENDS, PLAYMATES

Two dominant WM professionals (43/45) seek other couples or singles in the Ventura area for friendship, companionship and 22 variety of interests. Age unimportant; health, intelligence and personality very important. Write to SHACK, Box 6210LF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (immobilization, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass, T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428

EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy trim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6'165, moustache, likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-loving kinky, horny, safe small-handed young men older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, LA, CA 90039 (LF6320)

ANIMALS

WM, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced novice in scene. Phone up to 11 PM PST. No JD calls. (213) 669-0068

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than altitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714) 220-0513 (6566LF)

SO, CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT, CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at "Puppy" Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex slaves to service my 9' X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique, experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220 lbs., dark hair/eyes, mustached hairy. To apply call Marcus (213) 439-5052. Live-in, full time permanent positions in my stable available.

KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fanflasses and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me: cleanshaven, 31, 5'10", 165 lbs., uncut, in-shape top. You: height-weight proportional, 21-45 in. LA/Long Beach area. Ethics/beginners welcome. Send letter photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF

BUSHY BEARDS

Hairy faces and soft dicks wanted by two goodlooking men in early 30's. We're into sweaty prolonged sessions (visitors OK), especially leather S.M. scenes. Send letter and picture to PO Box 988, Palm Springs, CA 92263

HOT HUNG COCK SLAVE

Seeks hung man to worship. Call (213) 281-6690

EXHIBITIONIST

33, Bi/W, M, horny and sexy, hung and hot, built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/o other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S.M. B.D. W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079 (No J/O calls) Box 6562

WANTED: CHINO PRISONER

Accused White Stud, 25, 36, masculine wanted for overnight shackled, handcuffed incarceration. Macho correction officer W.M. 42, 6'7", 250+ hairy demands pleasure service from captive. On parole, convict is officer's buddy. companion. Must live Pomona-Ontario area. Details, mandatory mugshot, phone # Tom 12475 Central Avenue #154, Chino, California 91710. Box 6560LF

HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069

DEAN SMITH—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY
Hot bearded GWM, 5'10", 165 pounds, hairy, 7' cut studs partner for mutual kink and safe raunch scenes, who is also HIV-positive. Into leather, S.M., role playing, safe scat scenes, bikes and lots more. Send letter, phone and photo to: PO Box 244, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd, West Hollywood, CA 90069

SCAT AND BODY WORSHIP TOP

Wanted by bottom, early 40s, overweight, ringed and tattooed. Love to worship toes, armpits, crotch and asshole. Marshall—341 No Harder Ave #D, LA, CA 90048

TOILET-ASHTRAY/TRAINED DOG

Serves beer drinking, cigar smoking, verbally abusive, masculine men who are seeking pleasure. Not romance, companionship or bullshit. Photo, phone Box 6633

LET'S EXPLORE TOGETHER

GWM, 35, 6', 200 lbs., hairy, masc. needs buddy 25 to 40 for rough man-to-man sex. TT, CBT, bondage, whips. Explore our limits together. Discreet. Safe sex. Box 6645

WHAT DO YOU NEED?

Professional Top can be many things to versatile masochist. This Master Daddy, (non sugar), is willing to accept, train, counsel subjugate, expand and fulfill you and your needs. Inexperienced OK but you must be 18 to 30, any race, intelligent, slim to muscular, under 5'10", and willing to participate fully in CB/T, T/T, spread eagle bondage, toys, catheters, electroshock. No drugs, permanent damage or unsafe sex. Supply response photos receive first priority. To this 40, 185, 6' Top at Box 6654

PISS SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking top, 5'9", 150 lbs., br. bl. wants to meet slim slave bottoms into weed, fanta sets, safe sex. Write Bill, Box 6666 Pix?

BIG BROTHER/MASTER WANTED

White male 24, 6'1", 170 bottom, muscular, attractive stud looking for exceptionally well-built sexually demanding, fat (6 plus), Leatherman to 35 for hot times. Relationship possible. Reply with photo please; Marty PO Box 128109, San Diego, CA 92112 or (619) 281-1377

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED!

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs, hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, till my tight, round firm buns glow then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddles, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some of work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW PO Box 18005, Denver CO 80218

YOUNG WHITE ASIAN

for hot bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 50, Top Mountain climber, run tennis, bike travel (303) 972-4177

CONNECTICUT

FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile seeks similar for mutual safe/sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside CT 06878 (203) 856-2053 9-9:30 a.m.-M-F

LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter WM, 5'4", 160, 36, bearded hairy, pierced cock, into levis, recycled beer sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right study will try? Blue collar bearded blonds a plus. D6778 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex, HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter PO Box 95, East Granby, CT 06025 Box 6632LF

DELAWARE

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy, I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF



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Regional Preliminary To Mr. International Leather

COLUMBIA, S.C.

■ **FRIDAY Nov. 10:** 9 p.m. 2 a.m. TNT Welcome Party at Affairs; midnight-4 a.m. Dancing at Menage ■ **SATURDAY Nov. 11:** 1 p.m. Leather Brunch at Menage; 2-5 p.m. Leather Tea at Menage with D. Sam Schultz (1988 Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer Boy); 8 p.m. Mr. Southeast Leather Contest at Menage ■ **SUNDAY Nov. 12:** 1-4 p.m. TNT Send-Off Party at Affairs

PLACE ORDER NOW

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Send _____ ticket(s) I prefer to _____

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Remit check or money order payable to R.E. Sheets, and completed order form to Robert Sheets, c/o A. Francis, 8605 Eaglewind Dr., Charlotte NC 28212. For contestant information call Robert Sheets, 704-339-0674.

56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67

68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77



EXCERPTS

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM. 42 5'11" 175. 45 chest 30 waist well built together. Toner erotic. Lean muscular nonsmoker use abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," 94 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW PO Box 44029 Ft Washington, MD 20744 (LF5030)

ASSLICKERS WANTED

WM. 35 140 lbs 5'7" uncut dark hair & beard hairy ass, wants to sit on your face and fart while you eat my ass. Enjoy taking a dump on your face or in your mouth then watch you kick my shithole clean. Also like to watch you kiss my turds. Looks & age are not important I'm serious, you should be too. Box 6640

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM. 40 5'10" 160 lbs mustache goatee seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include tailwork hair, tails. PO Box 2341 Manasses, VA 22110 (LF4696)

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline S&M TT C&B work whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200 5'11" blond hair, body hair pierced and ringed. Sit please, let me serve you. Box 6249t

FLORIDA

MASTER WANTED

Handsome Latin slave 26 years old 5'10" 162 lbs. 30 waist. Seeks master—safe sex—write to Pablo PO Box 330774 Miami, FL 33137

DAD WANTED

YOU 30+ stable, top ME 32 230 black due beard stash, into FF ball stretching, B.D. verbal abuse, dildos, shaving, leather poppers and uniforms. Stable, self-employed healthy, HIV-neg, beginning BB. Needs prolonged workouts. Send letter and photo to Behr PO Box 3166 Venice, FL 34293. Same will be sent in return (LF6058)

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage torture, pisshole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e. numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not break easily (Miami) Box 6217LF

ASSLICKER

39yo WM 5'9" 158 smooth body 7" South Florida. PO Box 44029 Ft Washington, MD. 20744 bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive as f***. I'm a real ass. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

BONDAGE TRAINEE

5'10" 175. 25 B-cup, above-average looks. Seeks hot! dominant top with equipped slave gear toys for restraint, submission, control, sensory deprivation, sexual enhancement, fetish exploration and, above all, achieving mutual orgasm. Safe and sane only. Units. All scenes approachable. Ft. Lauderdale area. Detailed letter nude photo returned/mme phone if possible. Box 6496LF

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM 30s, 6'2" 175 lbs, muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermasters, into boots, uniforms SM BD, VA and more for hot intense and uninhibited safe scenes. Will submit to your needs. Photo, phone please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041

BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 yo, 5'10", 195 lbs, GWM chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older, chubby bearded daddy tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scenes, like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X rated videos. Box 6548LF

GEORGIA

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM 38, 5'10", 155 lbs mustache attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar socks singles. Couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes leather B.D., TT photos, S.M. etc., inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125 Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (404) 636-1688

ATLANTA AREA

GWM 32 5'11", 165 lbs, attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber bondage, dildos, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trust worthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022 Decatur, Georgia 30032 (5774LF)

OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy, husky Dad 5'8". You're 21-35, tr/m with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. To provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Par times or more. Photo appreciated. Application: Manse, PO Box 52948 Atlanta, GA 30355

LEATHER BUDDIES—NATIONWIDE

GWM. 39 5'11" 160 lbs. HIV negative. My virgin ass needs work but also want to blow yours. Versatile—any safe scene for mutual satisfaction. Photo with detailed letter gets mine. PO Box 95249 Atlanta, GA 30347-0249

TOP TO TOP

Dedicated, decadent Atlanta top needs heavy, hairy same for mutual man-to-man fantasies. Each versatile enough to explore inner space butch enough to drive a dig. No bottoms need apply. I already own one. Convincing letter, photo, indecent intentions required. Playroom open weekends. Box 6572LF

INSTRUCTORS

Young men wanted for computerized training experimentation. Love in for two who will need transportation but pay little. Location east of Atlanta Perimeter ideal for student young man leaving home, discharged vet., White Boxholder PO Box 105 Decatur GA 30031

ILLINOIS

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)

Suck, fuck, verbal abuse, shaving, wax leather, dildos, enemas, spit watersports, scat training. No FF. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave. 31, 5'10", slim, smooth. Need units respected and expanded. Photo, phone preferred. Travel CA, FL, NY. Box 6630

10¢ per minute or less

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phone and punch a few numbers.
Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny dude. Live meat,
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BOBBIES WANTED

6'1" 205 lbs. 60 yr Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback, on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. mutually pump iron nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395 Melrose Park IL 60160 Box 66171F

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39-40 into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69 ONLY into watching being watched (NO contact). Interests: jocks, leather Levi uniforms, Dad, son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders. PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641 LF6053

**DEAR SIR—DRUMMER'S CLASSIFIEDS
GET RESULTS!****CHICAGO MASTER**

Level-headed white daddy, 48-63, 190 lbs with well-equipped dungeon/playroom wants bottoms, slaves for humiliation, discipline S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings. JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock lets play. Box 6101F

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into jock suits longjohns and underwear 38 GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. White guy. Box 179, 808 W. Barry, Chicago IL 60657

CHICAGO LEATHER BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain FF top, but would like to be converted to bottom. Desire experienced assistant into jewelry piercing. Am 25, 6'185 hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-cut. Send photo. Box 6685LF

INDIANA**LET ME HELP**

Discreet WM, 25-5'8", bearded professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write. You know you should. Box 6152F

SEEKING MEN OF KINK

35 (look 25), 5'8", 135 muscular. Hot little guy seeks visual mental and/or physical stimulation with tops who can get down and dirty. Into most scenes from vanilla to make your own flavor. Teach me the Midwest isn't really this dull. Expand my horizons, please. Box 8552F

V A ASS BEATING

Daddies, plusses -cigars, chew, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strap, hard strokes. Dick-suckers, you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings. C&T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense painful Power sex. Male ritual. Box 6233LF

DRUMMER'S CLASSIFIEDS
GET RESULTS!

IOWA**YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCK BUDDY**

6'1" 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for sale but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, CBT, SM, spanking, massage and ?? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut hairy tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071F

URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to Iowa City bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145, questing for action with men/boys, masculine others. Deep FF as yoga, bondage, TT, nutcrushing, mediations. Sale & sane & sincere in my needs pursuits. All answered/considered. Now is the time. Box 5413F

ATTN: TRUCKERS BIKERS COPS

Slave 31, 6'3", 171, B, to service Goodecking. Well built. Well hung. Truckers, Bikers or Cops who are passing through Des Moines, Iowa (80-35). A real dick pleaser offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Nacho Truckers, Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer, Piss, Sweat, Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers. Truckers or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number send name, address and a photo to Lee PO Box 7223 Grand Station Des Moines, Iowa 50309

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you a HOT muscular TOP to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving or permanent damage. Box 6262F

KANSAS**MASTER DADDY SEEKS SLAVE**

Dominant Master daddy, 36, 5'10", 155 seeks slave for weekend occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master. PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

BEEFY BEARS WANTED

Hairy, bearded Overland Park area bear looking for other bears for friendship and fun. 5'11", 230 lbs. 31 ready to get naked and get friendly. (913) 381-3846 evenings

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes. WS, FF, 69, scat, I'm top and bottom. 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer clean-shaven. Can travel KC MO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458F

KENTUCKY**KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER**

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs, beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

LOUISIANA**MOTORCYCLE COP**

New Orleans WM, 32, 6'165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather (all black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts). Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by day and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone J0 ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather call someone else.

SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Jurnal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups mutuals please reply Box 6147LF

HOT HAIRY UNCURT COUPLE

Top 30, 5'10", dark hair & eyes, moustache, 175 lbs. Uncut & hairy. Bottom 28, 5'1", dark hair & eyes, beard, 200 lbs. Uncut & very hairy. SM, BD, TT, CBT, WS, wax, assplay. Equipped "Pump Room" with silo. Tops bottoms. Masters, slaves call (617) 282-7196. Box 6690LF

CUM FUCK MY ASS!

Bl W M, 29, 5'9", 175, thin beard, moustache. Greek. Passive seeks men for long fucking action. Call (508) 587-4897. Leave message or write PO Box 1368, Brockton, MA 02403

LEATHER B KER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10", Box 6098LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly BD, B/M, I'm related to meet or correspond with morally healthy Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, own ship to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146 (LF6140)

DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48 year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs, white. Seeks son Master for exploration via menial and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811 Boston, MA 02146

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6'1", weight about 160. NO facial hair. Master and slave a bit to tea her. He AVY, rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST

SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to Box 6372LF

HAIRY TOPMAN

Dark, bearded, tall and strong into VA, spit, boots and bondage. Seeks masculine hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialize in short guys, Italians, cops. No smoke/drugs assfucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246

LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40. Interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruising in black jacket, boots, worn levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham, Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 5087, Natick, MA 01760-5087

CHUBBY RAUNCHSEX BOSTON

Thirty, 5'8", 180, hairy bearded wants mutual raunchsex. Underwear fetish, heavy rimming, fistfuck top. Lots of piss, shit smearing. You be complementary. No drugs. Write with phone Box 6603

MASSACHUSETTS**NEW ENGLAND SON**

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs, full beard, blonde hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature, monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF

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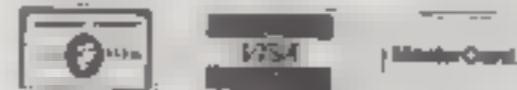
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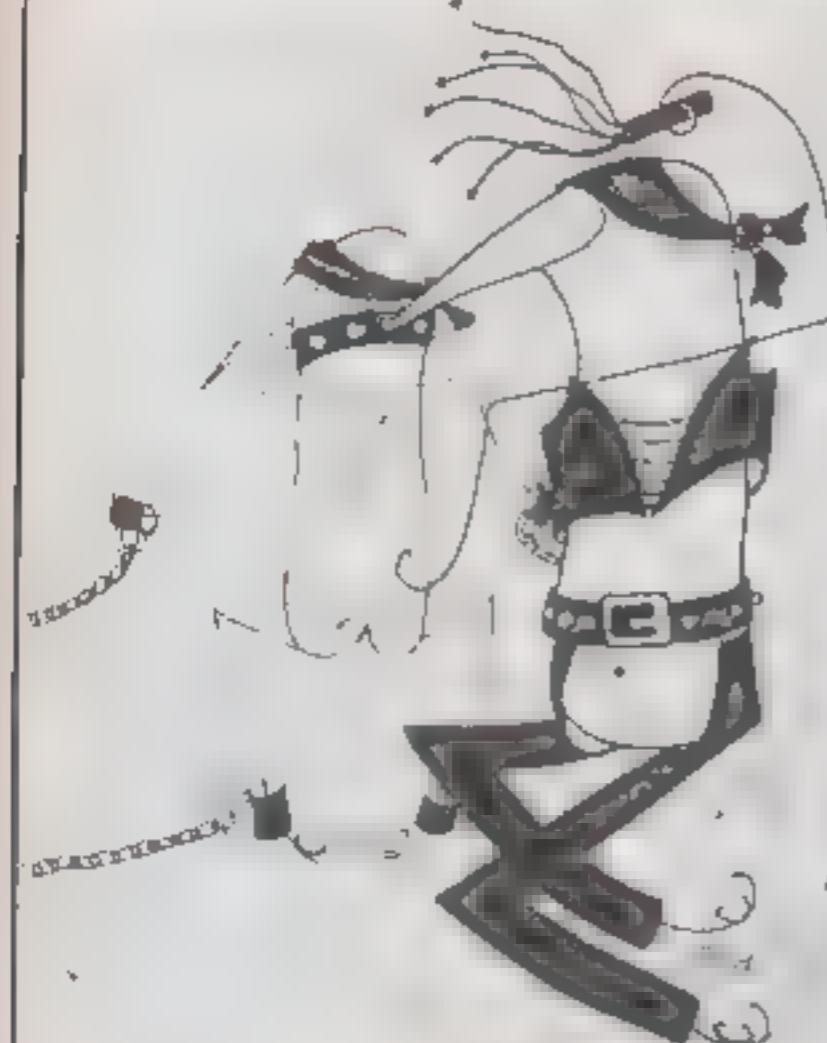


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ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom M under 5'8" Time to s looking for BBJ at the Spike J's and time to provide services when needed m 45 59 180 very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected Box 6097-F

SADIST DAD SEEKS BB SON

or son. Me 6' 200 lbs. attractive 49 bearded. Bondage, TT, face slapping. Mind control. Submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Sale mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender friend. Photo, phone letter Box 6118-F

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fat dad 34 6'1" 210 beard hairy yuppie executive offers support worship, rim, suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular healthy straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat Greek SM BD Box 6224-F

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

6' 0" 180 lbs. Good cock and ball torture tilt work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man Box 4717-F

TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to lead from his hairy wide ass. Me good looking boyish WM 27 160 lbs gr. 5'9" eager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/ natural body. Chunky NYC area. Box 6298-F

ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom 'son' for serious relationship. GWM 46-510-170 BB, masculine aware sensitive adventurous. Into B.D & M. Spanking, sale Gr A Ft p. ass play, toys. You any race good body, serious about commitment. Photo necessary photo to Box 774 263A W 19 St NYC NY 10011

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends. Love water sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Connie Box 650 c/o DMS 32 W 24th St NYC NY 10011 (212) 5389

NEED SADISTIC SON

Looking for the classic unashamed clean cut innocent-looking youth (any age under 30) who can get into serious dominance &

on-going relationship. I am 43, 6'2", blue eyes, brown hair, athletic build, clean cut & considerate, good looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant, controlling personality is. Serious replies to Tom, Box 6381

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FO-9



ABUSIVE ITALIAN DAD

Experienced sadistic Master [41 155 5'7" beard, hairy] into ass domination through discipline control, punishment of butt, cock balls, tits, hole. according to your needs. Looking for a big guy with big ass, or a muscle slave but any hot assed boy with obedient attitude and need for domination can apply. Work up a regular 2 or 3 day session update in the woods. Apply with ass photo and full photo and letter stating needs to Box 601 132 W 24 NYC 10011

ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

This 33-year old 5'9" 210 lb. tahan stocky, bech, healthy, JC hopefull is interested in exploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cu. hung chunky master to fly back in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups. Smoke poppers A okay! Orders phone photo to Box 6506LF

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37 5'9" 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy heavy V A. whippings, pleasurable torture CBT TT, FF W S. seat A complete piece of s--- that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

TWO DEMANDING MASTERS

Offer grovelling baba slaves a safe trip to hell and back. Housework also required. Size, age, looks unimportant. PO Box 294 Bayside NY 11361

OL RELIABLE TYPE

25 5'9", 140 good build talls, healthy, sane into all-nite hard core bideep deep motor oil leather listing. Prefer experienced serious give and take type buddies. All answered S F job. PO Box 20581 London Terrace Station New York NY 10011 HOT

MUTUAL NIPPLE ABUSE

Extremely hairy hot Scorpio 45 6'1" 180 6' cut, short grey hair and beard, big nipples. Need my nipples pulled and twisted. Will do same for you. 68—deep throat and rimming. Only dildos for assfucking. No condoms, no blood. You must be bearded 40+ mutual. Box 6499LF

RAUNCH DUDE

31 160 hot into mutual assplay and fun. W S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

CORPORAL PUN SHMENT

Tall dark-haired, educated white male. He os wants to hear from others who are strict, no nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc for administering sound discipline. Willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences photo. Box 6055LF

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

For serious relationship GWM 46 5'1" 90 88 athletic, top masculine sensitive adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking. Safe Gr A, assplay, B D You any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Photo (a must) photo to Box 774 263A W 19 St. NYC NY 10011

NY J.O.

Bi WM. 5'6" 140 37 muscular 88 healthy, discreet. HIV neg. seeks mature muscle guy or sate. O Box 783 NYC, 10008

B G BEEFY WANTED

GWM 30s 6' handsome smooth skin Gr. p. Fr a.p. submissive but responsive seeks tall dominant muscular guy to worship. photograph have sex and or relationship with You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass-to-ass play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-7842

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear in 38 H some 6 ft, 185 mainly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach FL 33480-0421 Travel U.S. Its dick drippin time, buddy

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

Seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies leather rubber gear hoods straitjackets, mummification, kidnaping dungeon hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave good-looking GWM 45 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6' 175, 40, in shape needs real man 30-50 for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather muscles, hairy chest, beards, mustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police bikers, workouts, etc. 80 men together act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 32 5'10", 170 well developed. seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my % protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences. phone Travel frequently to Calif and Illinois Box 5444

KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

& serves you totally. too! GWM 33, good-looking. Seeks dom top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into instant rimming any place anytime. regular scat meals, munching, & snacks, tongue toiletpaper service, head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim, drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command, heavy longterm bondage at your pleasure, leather rope, steel, straitjacket, stockade and pillory, confinement & cages, boots & sneakers being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing, enforced chastity uniforms & rubber, public humiliation, houseboy servant role & lifestyle, doing dishes & washing & waxing floors, extreme respect & obedience training, paddling & punching, exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks, barking like a dog & baying loudly like a packass. W.S. publicly pissed pants & bladder control & can be as submissive as you can be. Creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to give shit, & some were meant to receive it & know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349 70A Greenwich Ave., New York NY 10011 (LF6290

GANG RAPE

WM 37 5'9" asspussy needs rough assplowing and mouthslutting rape, piss. V A. spit by cops, uniforms, frags, street gangs rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin. B D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action photo to Box 6427LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. Bul. this healthy 41 W M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7" 135 lbs bearded pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass c/b into mutual heavy ass work ass toys ball and foot fucking. L.L. mouth and tongue droit to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Photo phone description to box 1460 Madison Square Station NYC NY 10159. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

SPANNING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-year old). You give me a firm barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pol, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place, no parking problem. But write to Box 660 132 W 24 St. NYC 10011

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49 6'1" trim, cleanshaven disciplinarian will inspect man for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

STRAIGHT GUY

27 healthy, muscular tattooed bluecollar worker available as victim. Kidnaping, interrogation, torture, confessions, humiliation bound and gagged, brutal fisting, sex abuse, brainwashing. Heavy trips. Box 6464

DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY SON

Forget pam, loneliness, sieze. Surrender body mind total sex service. Become owned appreciated joyfully used. Get leathermaster joy security, performance. Age, looks? Attitude & more! Experienced inexperienced? Learn new Master's way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall. Photos helpful returned, undemanded. Your chance for top man's love, home happiness, future. Don't blow it! Box 6324LF

BORN TO FIST?

NYC FF expert, 38 5'10" 155 lbs. smooth gym bod. Sick hand, wild hole, with playroom & sling. Seeks versatile very horny trim hot local FF buddy 20-40 to 160 lbs. Into body worship. JO oil wrestling, smoke, aroma and awesome mutual fisting, hopefully repeatable, of course. Safety. PO Box 3035 New York, NY 10185

MASTER TOP

Seeking slave bottoms who are serious about the life style but who are not looking for permanent relationships. I travel and can be almost anywhere at will. I want to enjoy the friendships as well as the S/M relationships I seek. I am a sadist and I will enjoy your discomforts. BUT I WILL NEVER HARM YOU. Contact Box 4255LF

LEATHER IN UNIFORM LATINO

Macho. Handsome. Tough. 30. 5'8" slim defined 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick stash. Wants, skin handsome hung. VERY Macho. Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service in action—both in Total Leather Police uniforms. Light V A-B-D TT pol & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF

OBEDIENCE THRU DISCIPLINE

Obedience administered for expansion of enjoyment. Spankings, kissing, balls, licking feet and obeying instructions are part of a beautiful trip. You may now strip, tie your balls up and write me. Let me know you. Box 6536

ACCOMPLISHED FIST-FUCKERS

wanted. Big hole seeks same. Both ways encounters and search for other arms. 35. 5'9" 160 Box 35B, Cooper Station, NY 10003

BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSH RES. Pierced, bearded. Leatherman mid thirties 6'4" 200 lbs. handsome and in good shape, into sensual and or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman w. "c" interests. Box 6620LF

LEATHER-COD-PEACE

Chaps boots, rubber tights, worship. I fondle + handle + admire + lick. Serve with malice respect and trust. Serious. No bullshit interested? White 40" 5'10" 135 Mustache. Short hair, thick endowment. limits few. Box 6583

LOOKING FOR A MAN

31 160 hot looking for someone to play with. Likes raunch and hot ass-play. Are you hot? Do you want to have a good time? Photo, photo to Box 6584

REED

G look W guy. 30 6'2" 160 looking for 18-25 yo W guy style punk leather const. worker etc. Let me clean your dirty place w/ M and care of your sexual and natural needs. Enjoy VA and punishment if needed. Photo and photo a must returned w/ mine. Box 6591

POLICE BUFF

wants to meet M/S to horse around with nothing heavy) in and or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy. If I am to contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times, Box 6805

NEED HOT BOOT AND SHOE THERAPY

GWM 32 yrs. 5'7" 161 lbs. hairy, moustache. Would you like me to visit you in your office or at home for an interview and worship your hot boots, shoes or leather? Would like to possibly work for a tight-booted man as his assis and accounting clerk, bookkeeper and submissive bootlicker. So all of you chiefs, executive officers, managers, freshmen, policemen, daddys, and guys who need attention to your boots contact me and start to see those boots on my crotch and my face. Send honest letter to Box 6607

BONDAGE SLAVE

into long term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment. Into the severest tightest, most inescapable and prolonged leather bondage scene. I'm 45 5'11" 175 lbs. Box 6615

HANDSOME MASCULINE MASTER

into total domination seeks handsome masculine slave into pain, bondage, service and loyalty for possible relationship. For interview call 212 505-0867



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If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

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PORTRALD

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded. 5'6" 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

PORTRALD

Relationship oriented. 27. tall, thin, blonde bottom. Inexperienced at leathersex. Eager learner. Interested in toys, shaving, titwork, bondage but let's get to know each other before we play. Sir, Uncut a plus. Not into pain. Send photo/letter. Box 6597

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being bound, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, can be both gentle and strong. Handsome. 6'4" 210 lbs. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to P.O. Box 40540, Portland OR 97240-0740 (LF5747)

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Experienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate to Salem, Oregon without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

FLORIDA

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for Active Duty by military Drill instructor. Sir is looking for "A few Good Men" who need to be squared away, or in first time or who wish to relive their M.R.T.CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRC PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047 0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo, phone and fax, and first (LF4257)

PHILADELPHIA PUSSY BOY

Young good-looking boy needs a master to work my hungry hole over with a big cock or dildos. Use me in any way that pleases you. Sir, No limits. I can take it! Box 6647

MASTER'S DISCIPLINE NEEDED

White male bottom, 33, experienced in b.d.s.m., cbt, tt, interested in meeting top. Special interest in LE, military, medical. Complete disclosure a must. Reply to Boxholder P.O. Box 3821, Pgh, PA 15230

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink sex. 38, 6'10", 44" ch. sc. w. Seeking submissive, leve, headed bottom men for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

NEW YORK

MASTER DAD NEEDED

Master Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please Sir, use my hot, masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing, demanding. Master Sir, I need teacher to be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hard working, good looking. Box 6342LF

SOUTH DAKOTA

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33. Needs patient Top to teach. Light S&M, TT, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. P.O. Box 994, Aberdeen, SD 57402 0994. 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JD OK. Box 6674LF

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

MASTER SEEKS BOY SLAVE

For weekend occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br br, professional. Submit picture phone to Sir, P.O. Box 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Box 6549LF

TEXAS

HOUSTON ASS SNIFFERS

Arrogant well-hung stud @ 165 lbs. uses and abuses brownnosing whips. Box 6504

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced oral sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

BROWNNOSEERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brownnoseers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8", seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildos, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build, hung, and CBT, TT, leather, etc., wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 28, 5'10", '63 brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient looking for Drummer Daddy Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5285LF

NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES

Attractive W/M, B/B, 30s, 5'11", 175 lbs., HIV-neg. Moustache out. Wants to meet W/M 20s-30s (no beards, cigars) for safe and hot ass stretching sessions. Expand my colon or yours in Dallas, but travel Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana. Send photo/letter to Box 6547LF

VIRGINIA

LET'S USE MY BB SLAVE

Master attractive, successful, 36, 6'1", 180 lbs., 8" slave attractive 32, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7" bubble butt. Seeks masterful or master with slave(s) for joint use/exchange of slaves. Into mind control, SM, B&D, toys, shaving, leather, etc. You under 40, hung and in good shape. Photo, phone. Mike Box 62DBLF

2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE SON

GWM, 33, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock. GWM, 30, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. Seek slave/son for training. Anything goes. We demand you provide Photo, phone. David Miller Box 5306, Portsmouth, VA 23703

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bl/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into B&D, light S&M, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220 football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

FLORIDA

EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, P.O. Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)



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TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master daddy, trim executive mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF

GREEK PASSIVE SEEKS

GREEK ACTIVE TOPS. Decent, submissive Greek passive seeks Dominant, aggressive Greek Active Masters to serve. Photo and phone helpful. Safe sex. Nashville area. Box 6671

BONDAGE BUDDY BODYBUILDER

Seeks muscular WM for workouts. I'd like to be a captive of discreet, professional 34 y/o WM, 6'10", br br. Have plenty of rope to restrain, outline your physique. Limits respected. SAFE or NO sex, but plenty of bondage. Gay or Bisexual, especially into Levi's, Leather uniforms, Boots. Photo, phone to KO, P.O. Box 42023, Memphis, TN 38174

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION/KINK

GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor, medic to invade bladder, ass. Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Areola okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room, Dallas, but will travel. Your description of self qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6668LF



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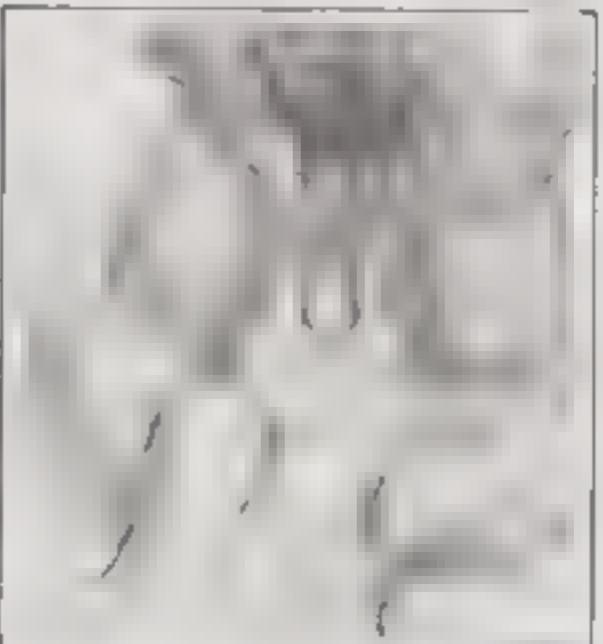
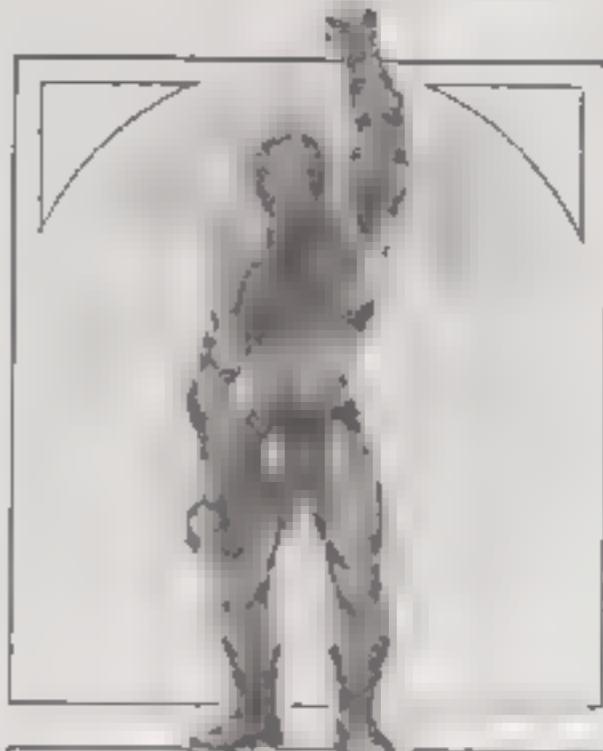
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With huge hands wanted by hot bearded leatherman. Box 6535.

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You're a side-back hairy bearded uncut cigar stud. long overhang over low hangers. You don't care if yours never gets hard. long as there's good skin-chewin'. lit-pullin'. pen-pullin'. ball-grabbin'. mansex goin' on with a 5 10½", 175 lbs. thick uncut Daddy pleasin' man. Box 6618LF.

WISCONSIN

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Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF.

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CHINA INTERNATIONAL

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Experienced English masochist (37), great body, attractive sincere lit healthy, mobile seeks imaginative, strong-minded sadist master sadist for absolute mental and physical submission. Worships all S. M. activity but now seeking real pain, utter depravity and exquisite pleasure through total slavery. And perhaps crucifixion. Available anytime, anywhere. ~quite genuine. 6299LF.

SWISS TOP LEATHERMAN

Muscular, dark-haired, bearded, early 50s, 5'11", 180, in good shape and perfect health. (HCV neg., reg. tested) wants to meet you - either at his place or on his frequent visits to USA and Canada - if you are 28-50, a willing kinky bottom, masculine, muscular, preferably hairy and with facial hair and a well-trained receptive rear for extensive asplay FF playwork lots of raunchy action inc. W.S. scat and mainly long mutual rimming sessions. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w/ photo Boris, Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH 4052 Basel, Switzerland. LF 5048.

REDHEAD

Handsome slim English red head, 30, with firm hairy buns seeks attractive face to sit on and piss over. No fucking. Photo gets reply 2148.

32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with pictures and phone # and pray that call. Box 6467LF.

CANADA

Airmail postage rates are now 30¢ for the first ounce, 70¢ for each additional ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair, beard seeks doctor to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo preferred. Vancouver, Box 5658LF.

LIVE IN SLAVE REQUIRED

by professional in SW Ontario. Prefer youthful type. Expect B.D. moderate S.M. Absolute obedience enforced. Suggest initial trial period. Write David, Box 254, Wingham, Ontario N0G 2W0. Serious replies only.

B&D S&M COMES FROM TRUST

To me, B&D S&M experiences can only grow out of really knowing and trusting my partner. I have no interest in "games" with a bit of anger, or with people who only relate to me from their "playboy" role. I'm very experienced as a top and a bottom in B&D S&M scenes and I'm seeking contact with other whole persons (tops, bottoms, or both), experienced or not, who want to get to know each other as people and not just as a role into "trust" scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", 190 lbs, consider myself good-looking. Vancouver resident. Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger. Van/Seattle area. I will contact all (only) people who reply with a photo and a phone number. Box 6551LF.

QUEBEC

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois Adam. C.P. 442, Soc. C, Montreal, Quebec H2L 4K3.

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HOT LEATHER GUY

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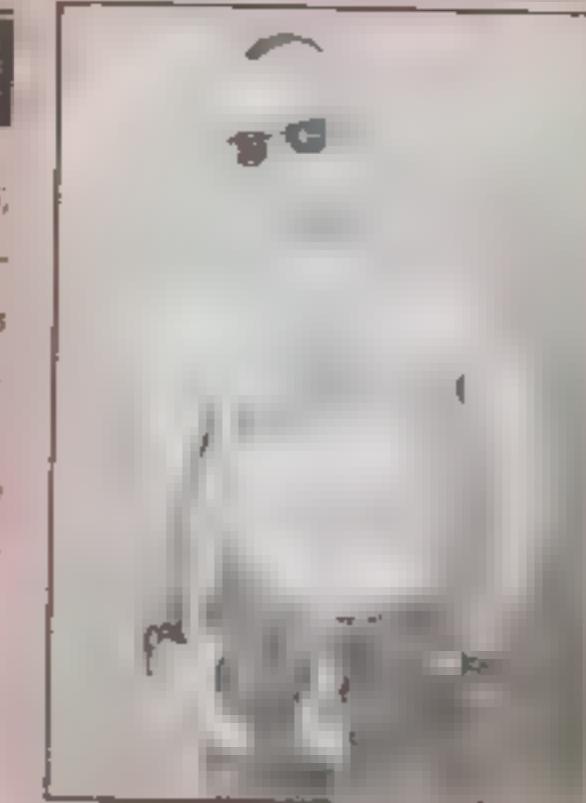
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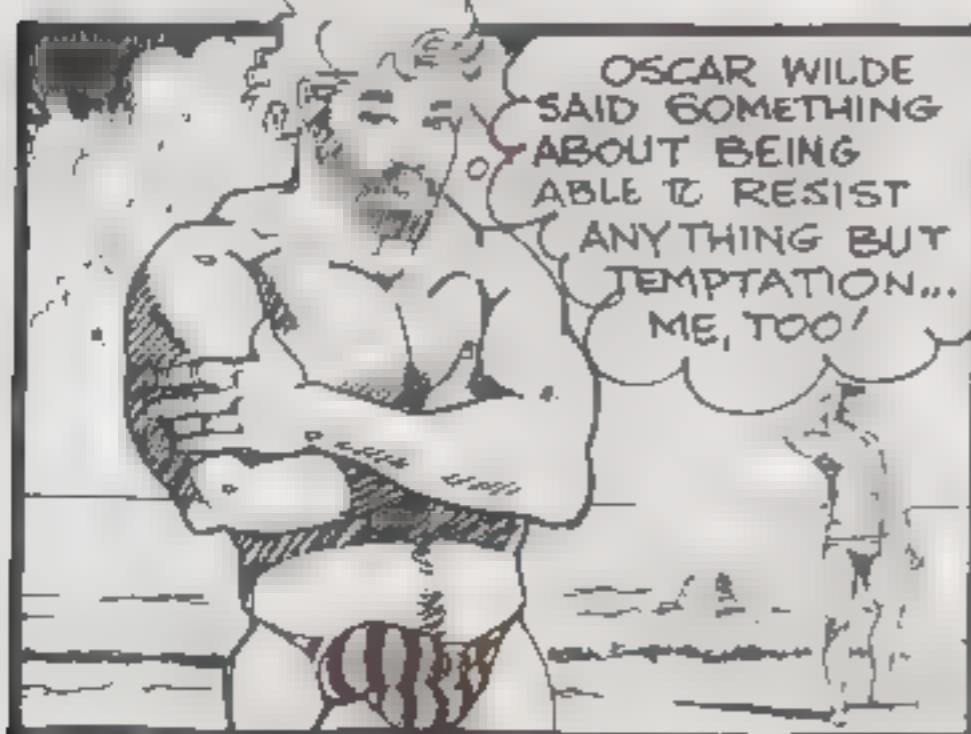
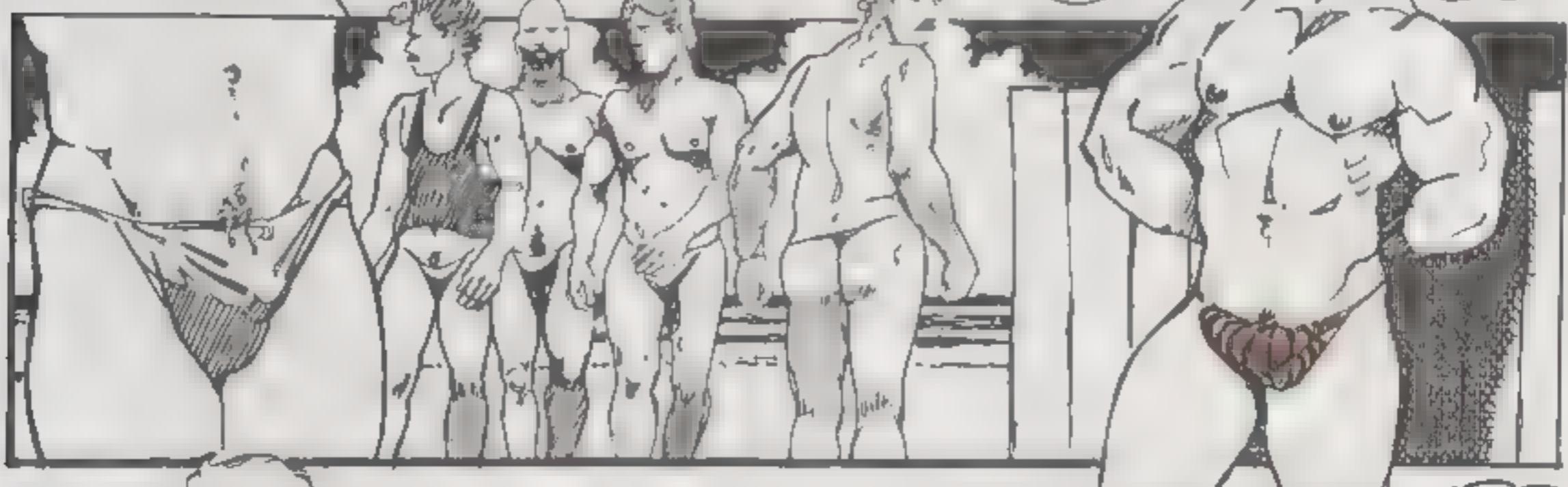
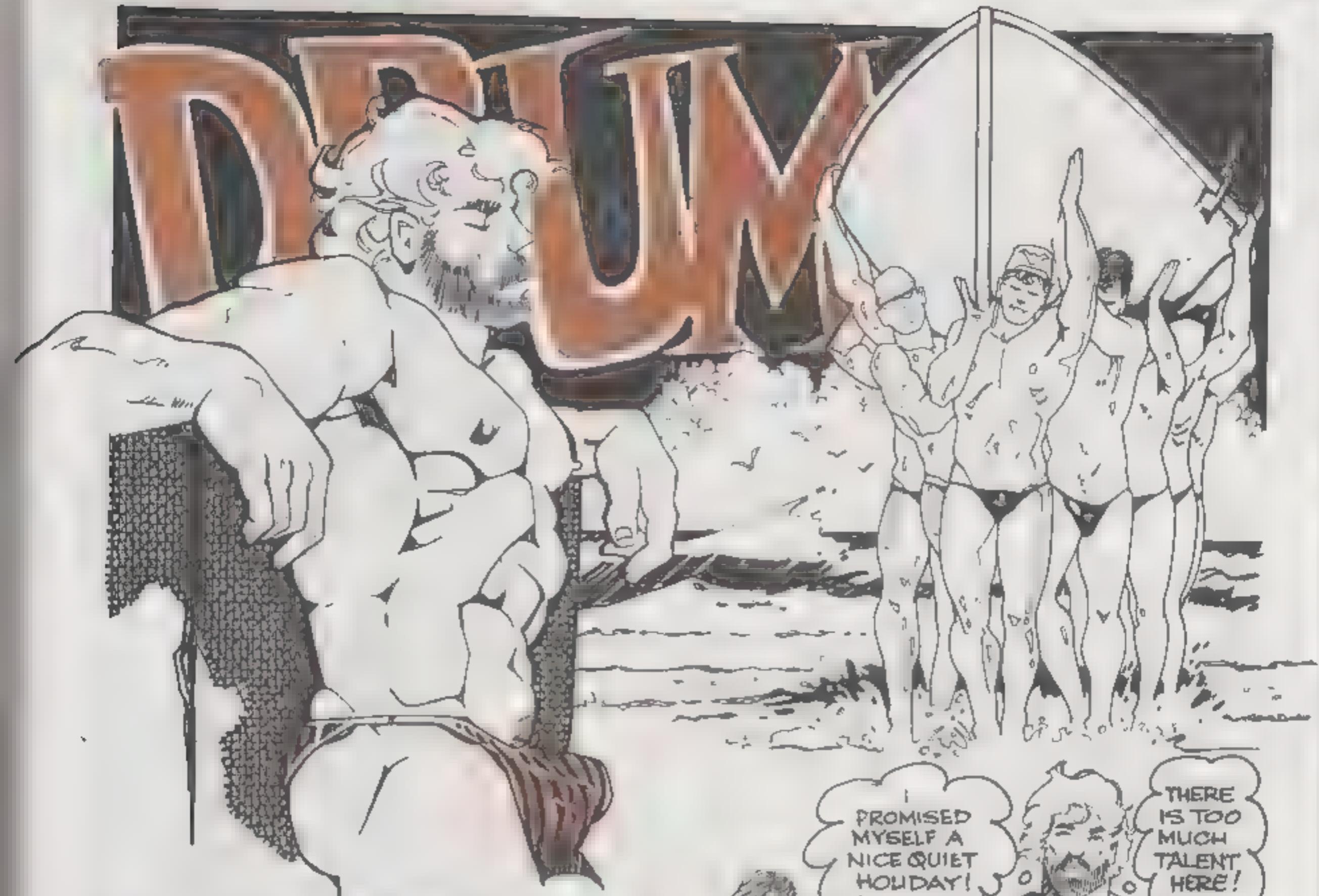
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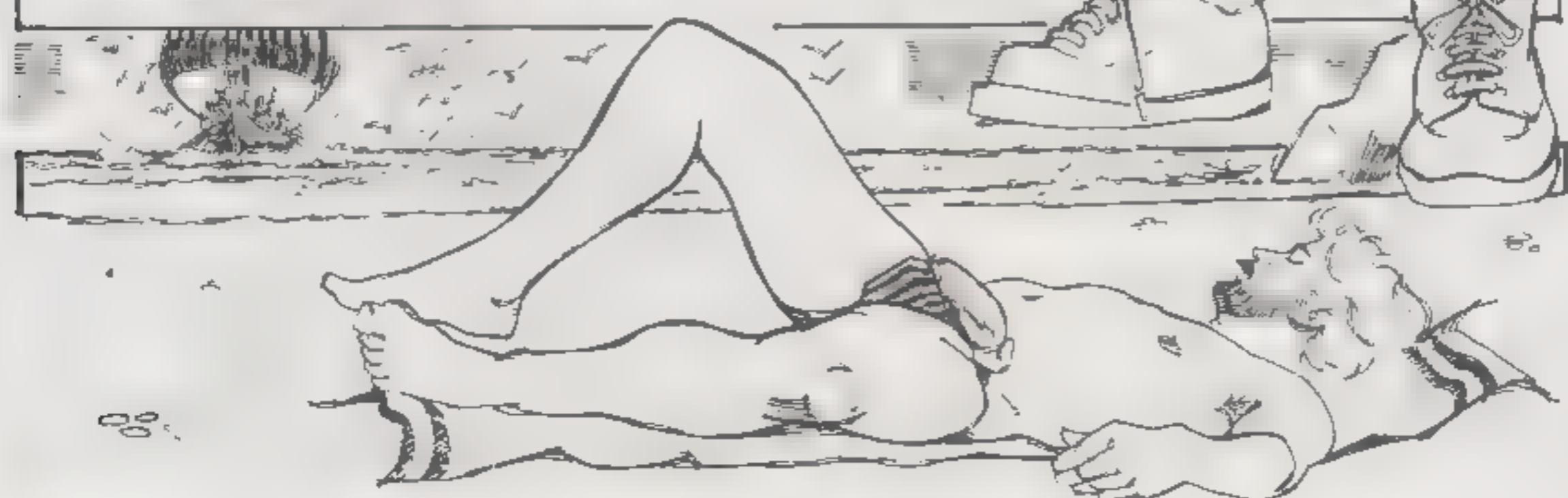
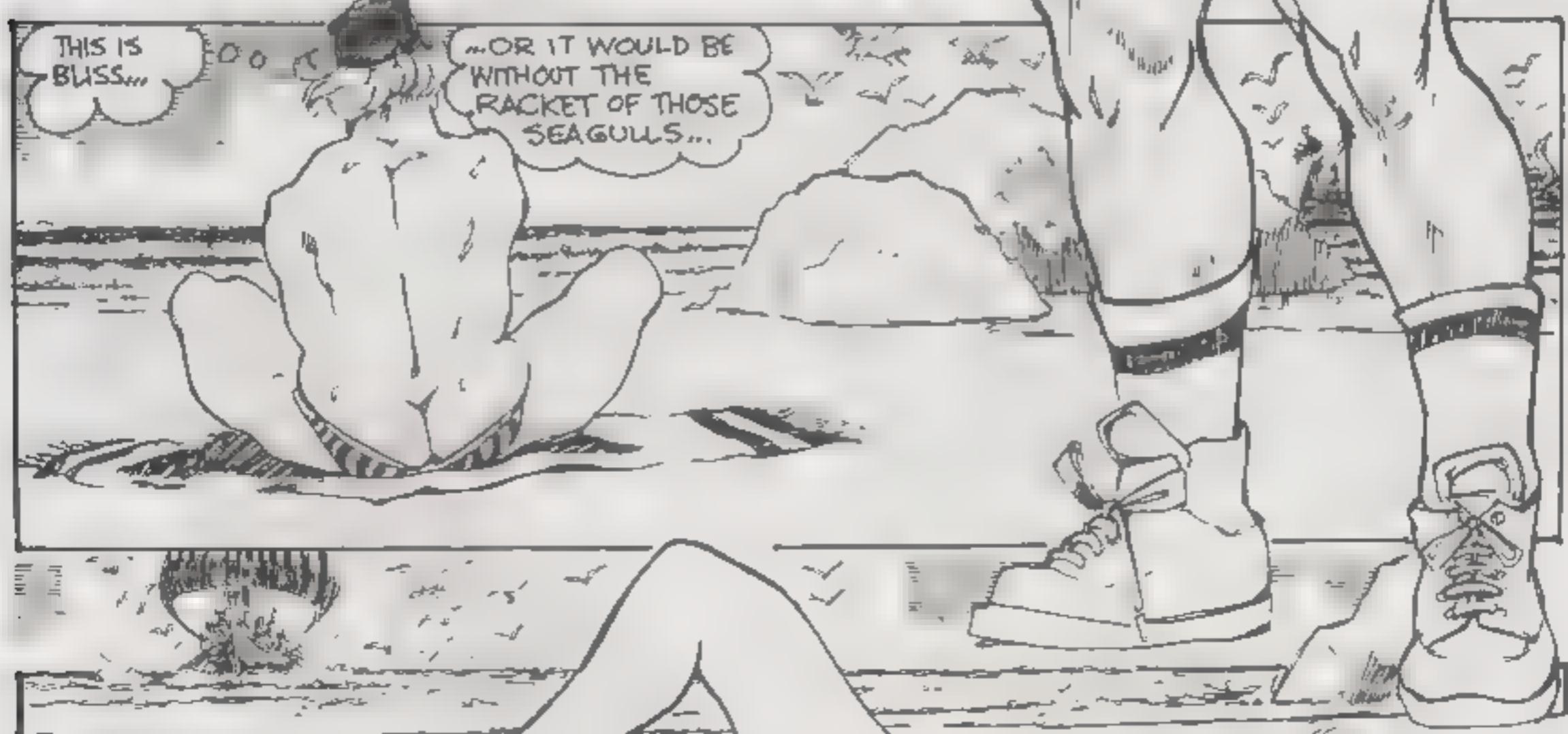
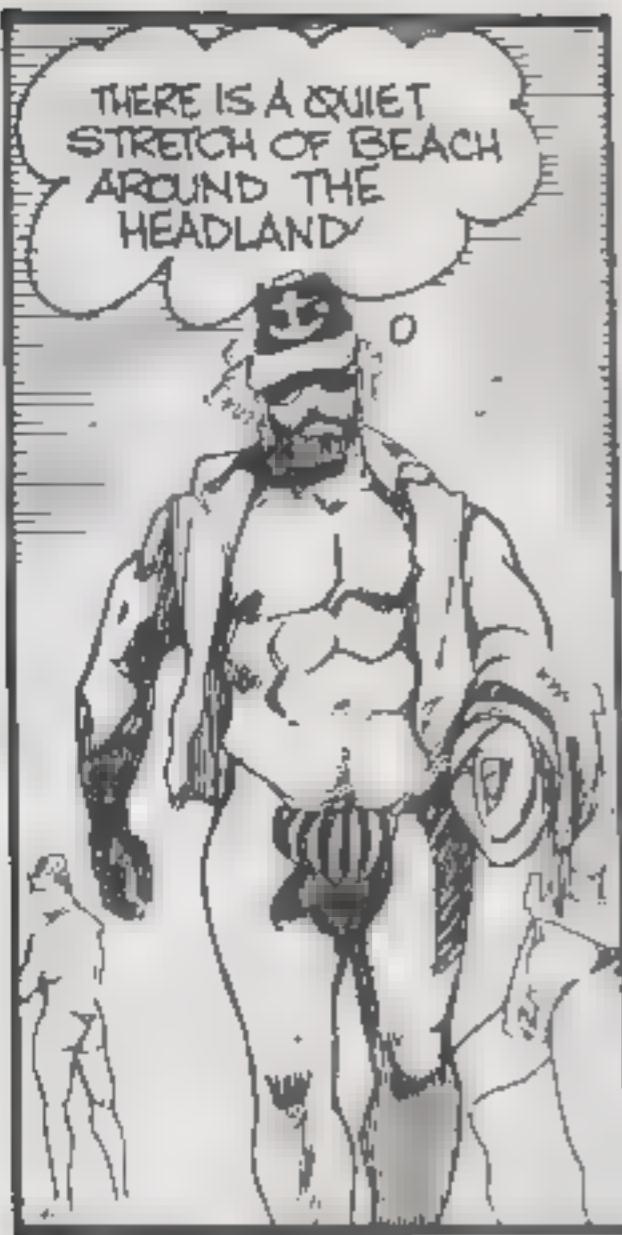
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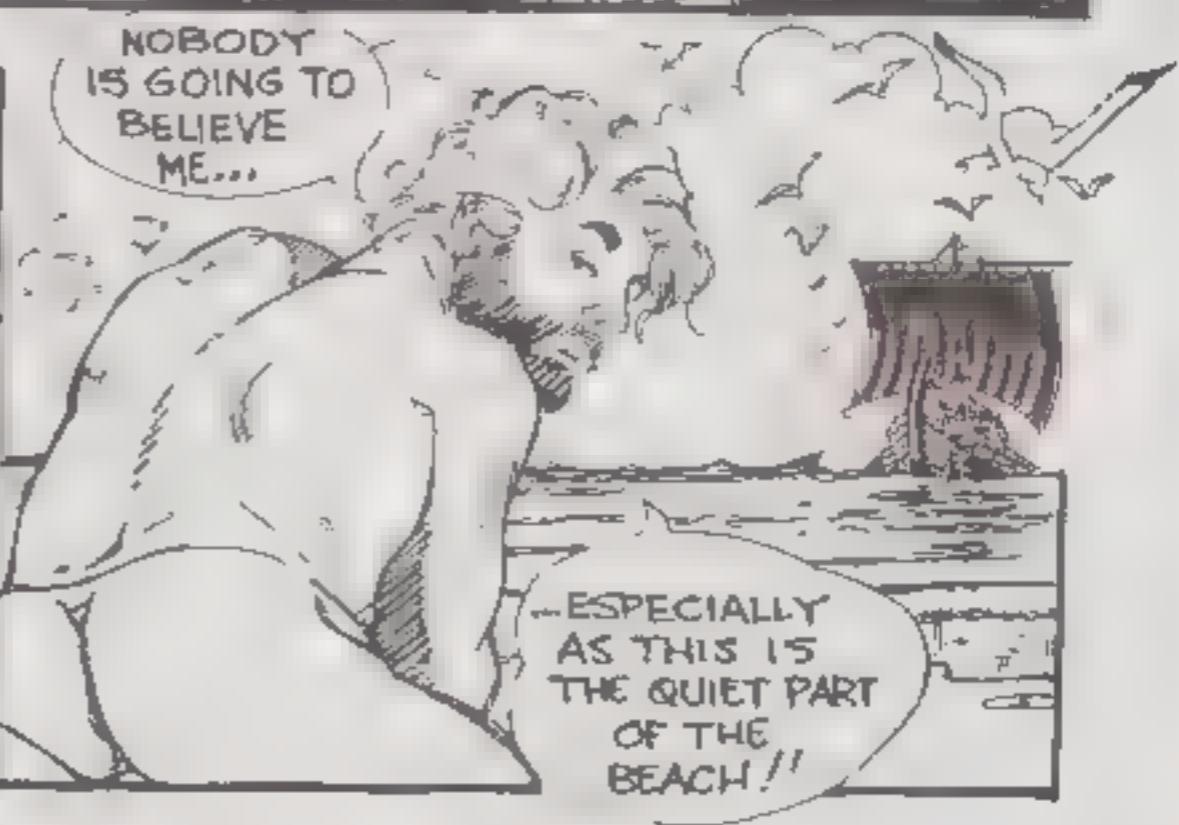
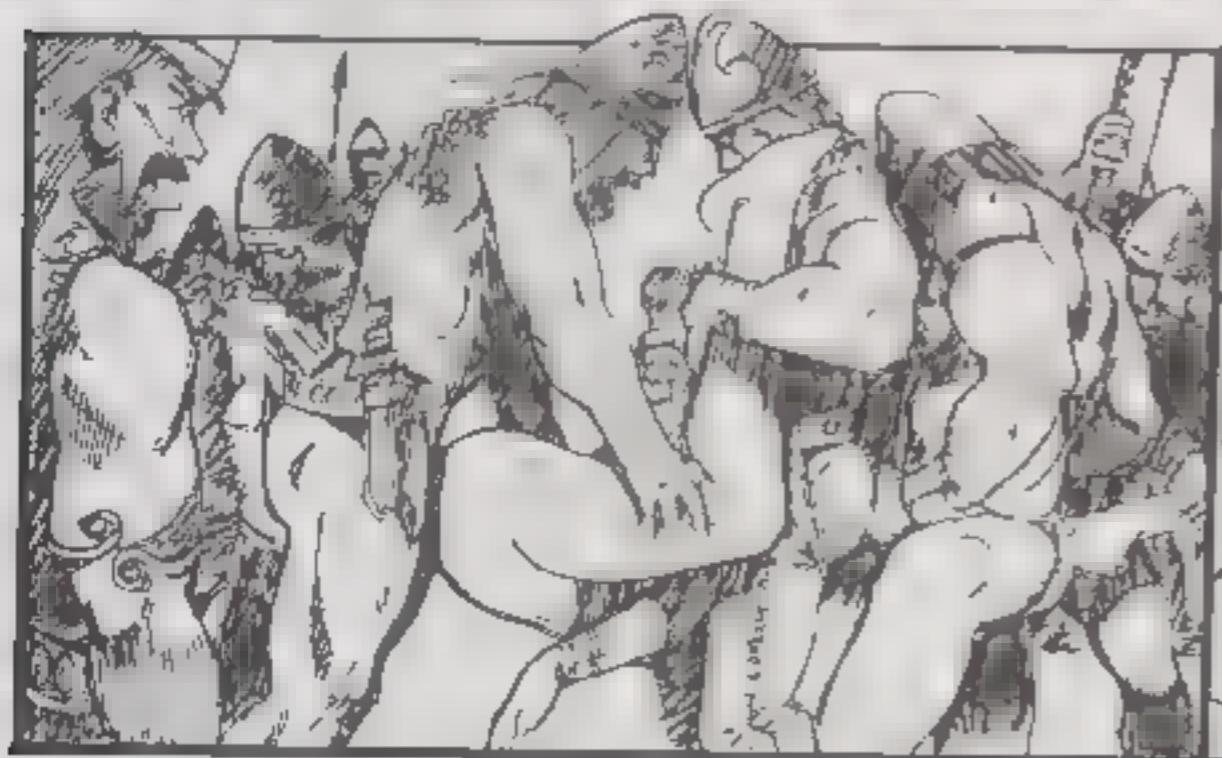
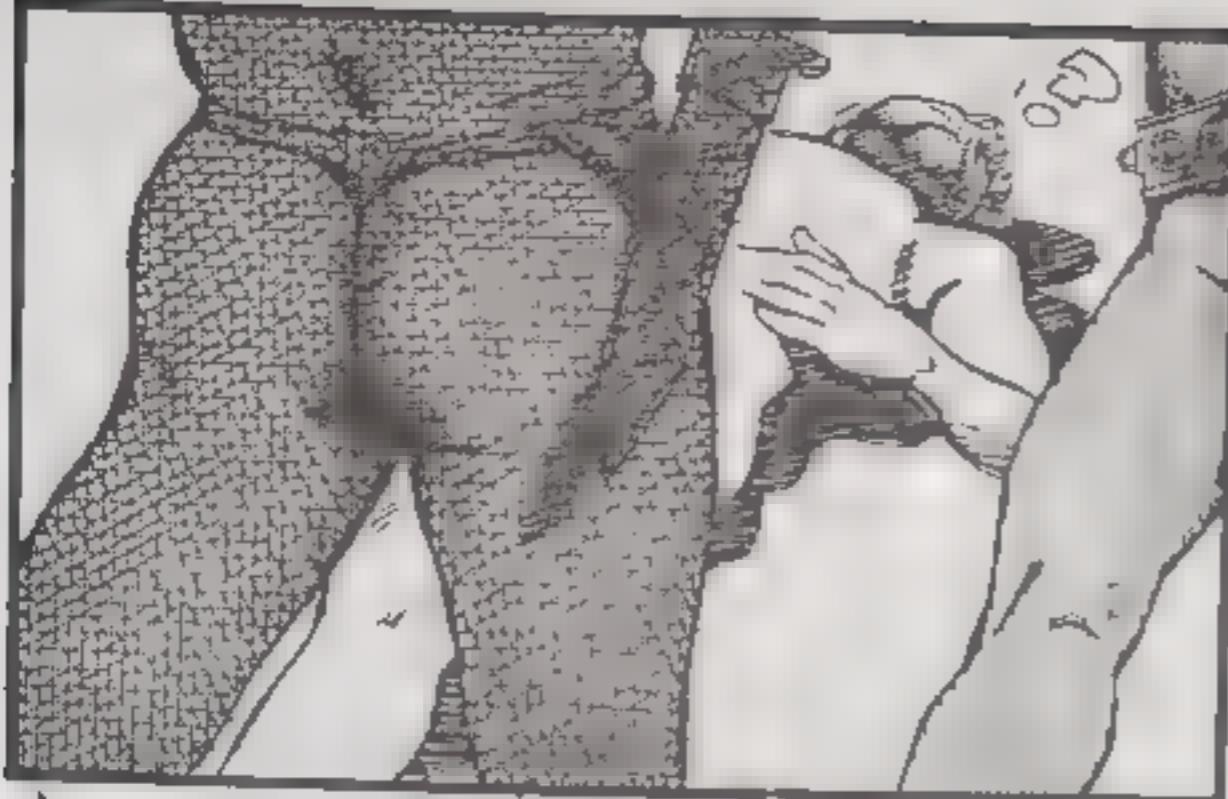
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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

I have a slight physical problem, and there probably isn't anything to be done about it. I thought I'd ask, though, since you may have run into it before. I have about an average size cock, but my balls hang very low—a ways, even in cold weather or under circumstances where you would expect them to pull up. For this reason I can't seem to wear one of those heavier metal cock rings that have gotten so popular. Even if it seems tight when I put it on, the weight makes it slip down so that it rides low enough to cause the skin of my dick to fold over. Eventually, I end up with an abrasion. Is there any solution?

Randy, Phoenix AZ

Dear Randy,

Nice, low-hanging balls are certainly set off beautifully by a heavy metal ring, so I can appreciate your dilemma. A friend of mine had a similar problem, and solved it by putting on the metal ring first, then pulling on a fairly narrow latex ring beneath it. The rubber tends not to slip and (at least for him) it held the metal ring in place. Give it a try.

Dear Larry,

From your past comments I know that you have strong feelings about the difference in status between a true slave and a bottom, even if he is in a permanent relationship. I am, in my opinion, a true slave. I have lived with my Master for three years, and he has completely taken over my life. It is a situation I like very much, and do not want to lose. However my Master has allowed me to continue working full time, and I have been doing this for most of the time we have been together. I make very good money—more than he does, in fact. But he takes my paycheck and puts it in his own bank account, then uses any excess to make investments which are completely in his name. I don't object to any of this, except that I also know he has not made any financial provisions for me in the event he should die, or decide to kick me out. (He's late forties and I'm 20 years younger.) Although I don't want to sever the relationship—not by any stretch of the imagination—I also don't want to end up a homeless bum on the street, when I've been bringing home a good paycheck all these years. What would you suggest?

Name & area withheld

Dear slave,

It is obvious that you have a legitimate concern. While I might question whether you are a true slave or a bottom in a permanent relationship, I cannot in good conscience advise you simply to "obey your Master." If all you say is true, he appears to be taking unfair advantage of you. On the other hand, he may have done something to protect you that you are unaware of—such as making a will in your favor, buying securities jointly in both your names, or whatever. In this case, he could be said to be testing you. If that isn't the case, you simply must order your priorities and take whatever action is going to be most appropriate for you. A Master does have the obligation to look after his slave, and on this basis—if everything you believe is true—he is not fulfilling his end of the bargain. You'll have to let him know your feelings, even if you get severely punished for it. But that wouldn't be so bad, would it?

Dear Larry,

In reading a number of your things, including the two Handbooks, I get the impression that you feel it is okay to mistreat another human being, but not an animal. Am I reading you correctly? If so, how do you justify this?

Martin, Los Angeles CA

Dear Martin,

I do not feel that it is okay to mistreat another human being unless that person wants to be mistreated. There is a great deal of difference between consensual SM and rape, and if you are not able to distinguish the difference, you don't belong in the scene. Animals, like children, are unable to perceive the finer points which make it possible for one adult to enjoy dominating or submitting to another.

Dear Larry,

I want to take issue with your comment about wanting to see the bathhouses shut down, if not by the law then by us "because we have enough sense not to go there." I have spent years of my life as a gay activist, and being able to go freely into our own bars and baths has been the surest mark of our having gained the freedom of self-determination. Now you want to voluntarily surrender this hard-won right, and allow the bigots of the Right to impose their restrictions on us

all over again. After all, this health crisis isn't going to last forever, and then we are going to have to fight the old battles all over again.

Paul, Seattle WA

Dear Paul,

Although I stepped out of the limelight of the Movement a number of years ago—mostly because I got tired of wasting my energies scrapping with other gay men and women—I also have a considerable investment of time, emotion, etc., in the achievement of our civil rights. I feel no less strongly about this today than I did in the height of my Movement activities. However, I cannot condone the potential danger a man faces in a bathhouse on the basis of these previous activities and beliefs. When the health crisis is over, I'll be right there demanding that the baths be open again. Right now, I see them as a terrible danger to the lives of the very people we are supposed to be "leading." As I stated before, I don't like to see the authorities shutting down any of our businesses; we should be doing it ourselves by refusing to patronize them.

Dear Larry,

Although I try to observe the rules of safe sex, I am still getting my share of action. I've found, however, that most guys I have gone with are only interested in having one ejaculation. Then, as far as they are concerned, the scene is over. I am good for at least a couple more shots and often come home and jack off afterward because I'm not fully satisfied. Am over-sexed or what? Shit, I sometimes leave to go home with my cock still hard and ready, while my partner has pooped out and fallen asleep.

C.H., Atlanta GA

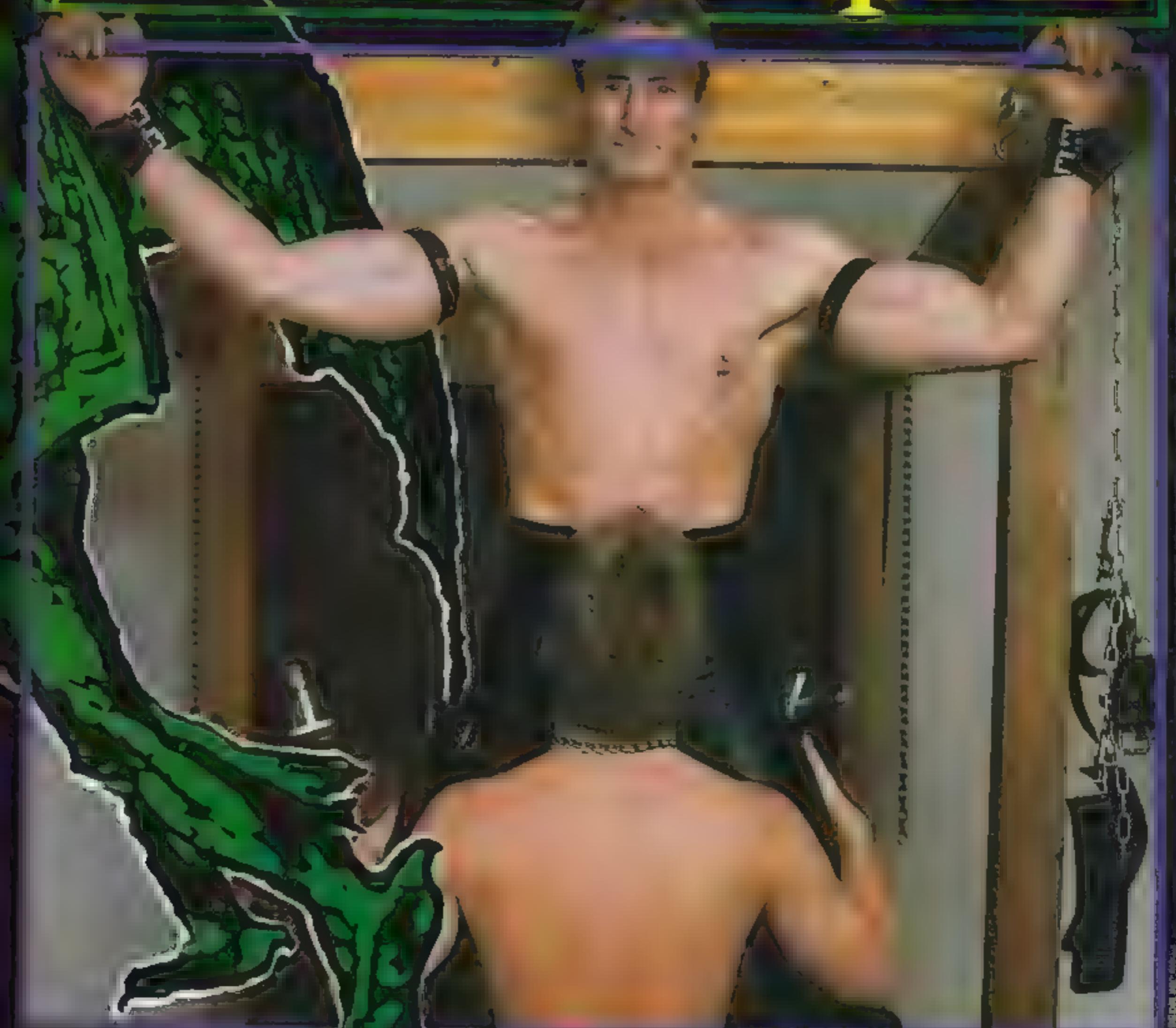
Dear C.H.,

You are apparently what Kinsey called a "high performance male." There's nothing wrong with you, nor with your partners. I'd suggest you let your partner know that you like to cum more than once, and get yourself off an extra time or two before he does. I doubt anyone is going to have serious objections.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

DRUMMER MEN

Remembering JimEd Thompson



9/18/46

6/21/88

The word respect immediately comes to mind when visualizing the leather, the commitment, and the spirits of the proud souls who've been featured as DRUMMER MEN over the years. DRUMMER MEN have been a contributing force within the context of the leather community. And certainly the memory of JimEd Thompson shines as an outstanding example of individuality and leather well-worn. And respect.

The people who knew this intense amazing leatherman now visualize his soaring spirit with their love and their words.

Tim Barres



MEN OF ACTION: This poster by Terrell was originally a publicity piece for *Action Male* magazine, the less specialized successor to *Gay Bondage*, which Jim Ed produced for House of Milan. I had always been intrigued by the action but doubted its authenticity. Jim Ed assured me that it was indeed authentic. Terrel was at the time his lover and bottom and it shows a scene they frequently did together. Jim Ed was the model for the top in the drawing. He also ended up being the model for the bottom, since Terrel and Jim Ed were the only two men they knew who could get into that position, and Terrel obviously found it difficult to do a self-portrait while hanging from his ballist. Print #881 was a gift from Jim Ed after he understood just how much I really had appreciated his earlier publishing efforts.

—Fiedermanns

It was a Rope Fetish Night at Touché in Chicago and Patrick was near the door. Sudsy came in wearing a rope body harness and Patrick asked him who had done it. "Your grandfather" was the response. Patrick was puzzled and Sudsy grinned. Patrick had learned most of his ropework from me, and I had learned much of what I know about body harnesses from Gordon. Gordon, of course, had done Sudsy's harness. Genealogies in academics are not uncommon and it is a common pastime among graduate students to study the genealogical relationships of various student/teacher/influence patterns. The practice is not uncommon, either, in SM and related "sciences." Gordon had indeed been my "father" for body harnesses. I had heard about his harnesses and had been trying to create them for over a year before I finally met him and received his lesson. He was also interested in learning the variations I had come up with on my own before meeting him. Gordon taught me body harnesses, but another man had definitely been my "father/teacher/mentor" for basic ropework. It was a New Year's Eve, on December 31, 1978, a few minutes before midnight, I spotted someone I very much wanted to work with. After welcoming the new year, we went home and I tried everything I then knew how to do. It was obvious my new friend was mainly interested in bondage so when we parted around noon on January 1, planning to get together again that evening, I pulled out every book I had and studied the bondage photos. The focus of my study that day, and for many years after—*Gay Bondage 1, 2, & 3*. These marvelous issues from House of Milan (credited to "Master Tau") provided step by step instructions in HOW-TO tie a guy up. Clear, detailed photos were both hot and instructive. And the accompanying text was clear and concise. On January 2, 1979 I tried many different bondage positions and my newfound friend was impressed. After more than 12 years together I am running out of ways to tie him up, and I impress him more than days with my cooking than my ropework. But those Master Tau's instructions that really helped get it all started.

A few years later, it was again Master Tau's example that followed in starting my own publication, *Drapes and Masters*. I wanted a publication that would be instructive in basic SM something people could study and learn from. I was greatly indebted to Master Tau, for many reasons.

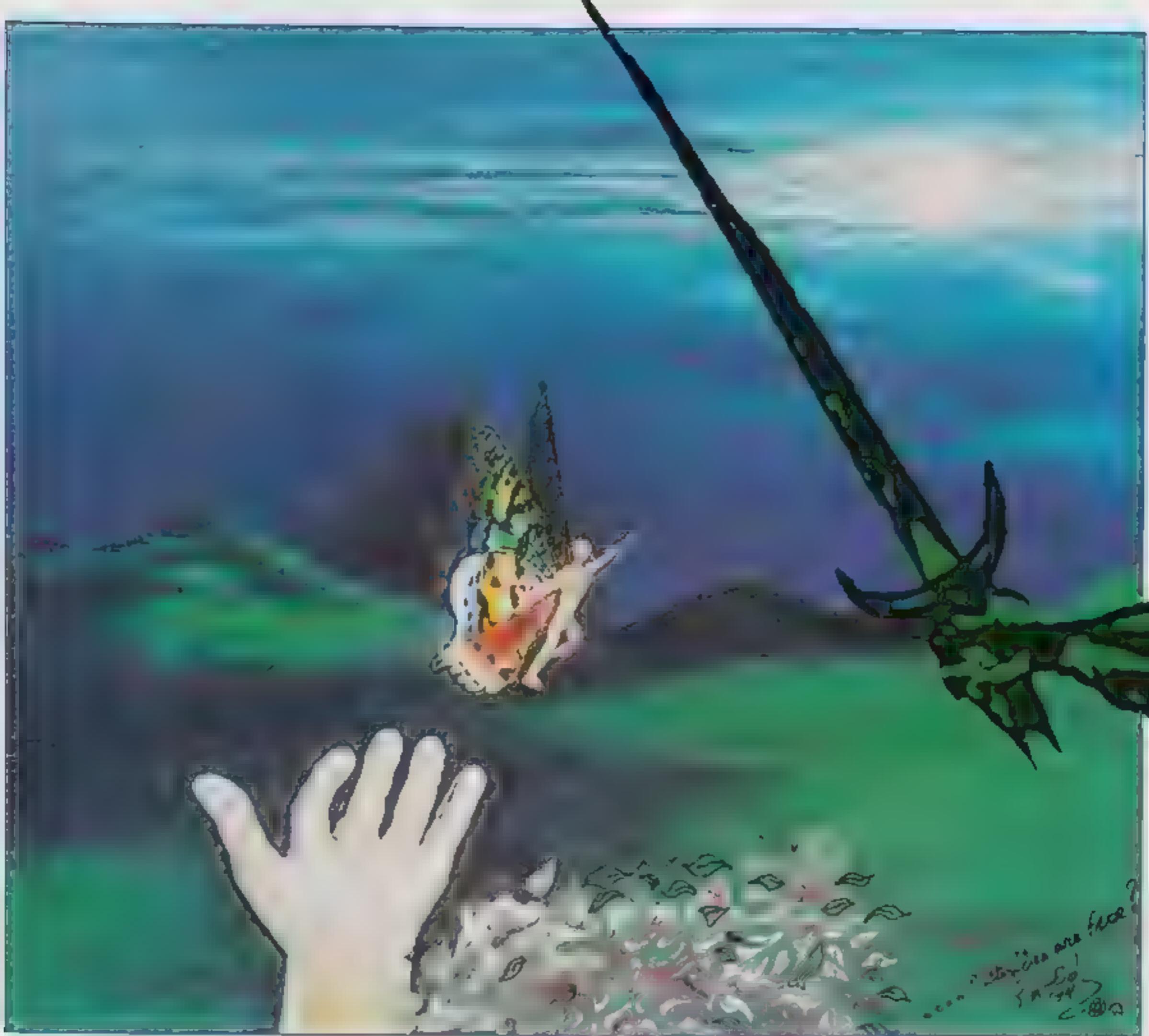
Over ten years after that fateful New Year's Eve I was finally able to express my gratitude in person. Jim Ed Thompson was Mr. San Francisco Leather 1984 and a contestant in the International Mr. Leather Contest. Andy and I were the new owners of Drummer and Dancer IML judges. Andy and I met Jim Ed and Chris at the post-contest press party. I expressed my long-felt appreciation for the influence he had had on my own development, and was especially impressed by his performance over the weekend.

When we announced an opening for Associate Editor of *Drapes and Masters*, and the other magazines, Jim Ed was one of the first applicants and his background made him an obvious choice. It was a hiring decision I have never regretted. We worked very well together and I came to admire him even more. His muscular body, his "winged" nose, his sharp chiseled features, his often stern "public" facade, concealed a man who was not just intelligent but wise, not just caring but compassionate, a man who was witty and warm.

I appreciated him years before I met him. After we began to work together on a day-by-day basis, I also came to respect him, admire him and love him. In the all too brief time we had together, I never stopped learning from my mentor.

—Tony DeBlase/Fiedermanns





I was first introduced to JimEd in late 1969 by a mutual friend Candy, in Honolulu. She introduced him as a "brother she had adopted." At the time he was working as bouncer in a gay bar called the Clouds. Being a straight man, I was at first uncomfortable (JimEd was the first gay man I had ever met) but his charm and good humor soon put me at ease and we became friends. He told me that I was the only straight man who could tell him a gay joke without him being offended. Later, JimEd, his lover Bobby, Candy and I shared a house in Volcano, Hawaii. Those were good times.

They eventually moved to L.A. and about a year later (1971) we reconnected. I had been working as a layout artist for a bondage publishing company, House of Milan, and was learning bondage photography. In 1974, I got him a job doing layout art at H.O.M. and taught him how to use a camera. His first solo project was a magazine called Gay Bondage. This was H.O.M.'s first gay publication. It was pretty good for a first try and soon JimEd had developed a real talent. He did some great work such as "Action Male" and "Men of Action" before he moved up to San Francisco.

In 1981, I moved up and started Loving SM Productions. JimEd worked with me on several film projects and starred in my first video production, *Journey into Pain*, and later, *Pain Suite*. These videos attest to his acting skill, and his skill and sensi-

tivity as a dominant. The success of these productions is due in a large part to JimEd.

In our discussions, JimEd told me of sexual activities I hadn't even thought were possible, such as fisting. Though I am still straight, he helped me to expand my sexual awareness and not to fear the realization of my fantasies. He took me to see the stage version of *The Rocky Horror Show*. My favorite line was, "Don't dream it, be it!"

In recent years, our lives followed different paths and we saw very little of each other. In a conversation we had on a visit a few months before his death, he told me that he felt very lucky. He had found the lover he had always wanted, had won the title "Mr. Leather, San Francisco, 1986," and had edited Drummer, which had been a longtime ambition (When JimEd was working for H.O.M. in the mid-70s, he said that someday he hoped to be good enough to work for Drummer.) He said it was good to know in advance he was going to die so he could put his affairs in order and prepare.

JimEd believed in reincarnation. A painting he gave me in 1974 shows his feelings towards death. It is a hand outstretched. Flying into the moonlight from that hand is a man shape with colorful butterfly wings. It is captioned, "Butterflies are free."

Goodbye, JimEd, the world is a poorer place without you.

Russell Bud

I have heard the mermaids singing
each to each other

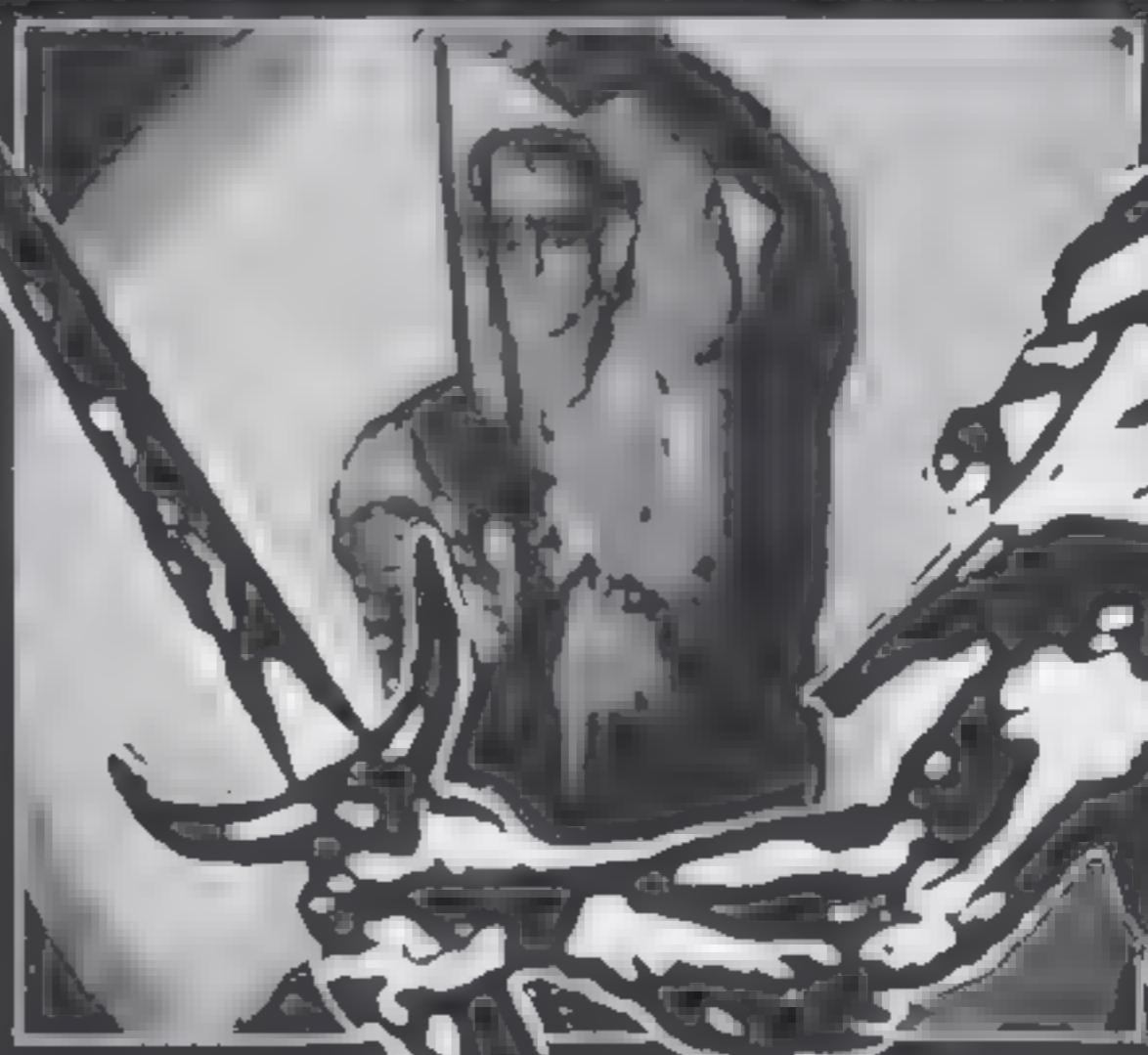
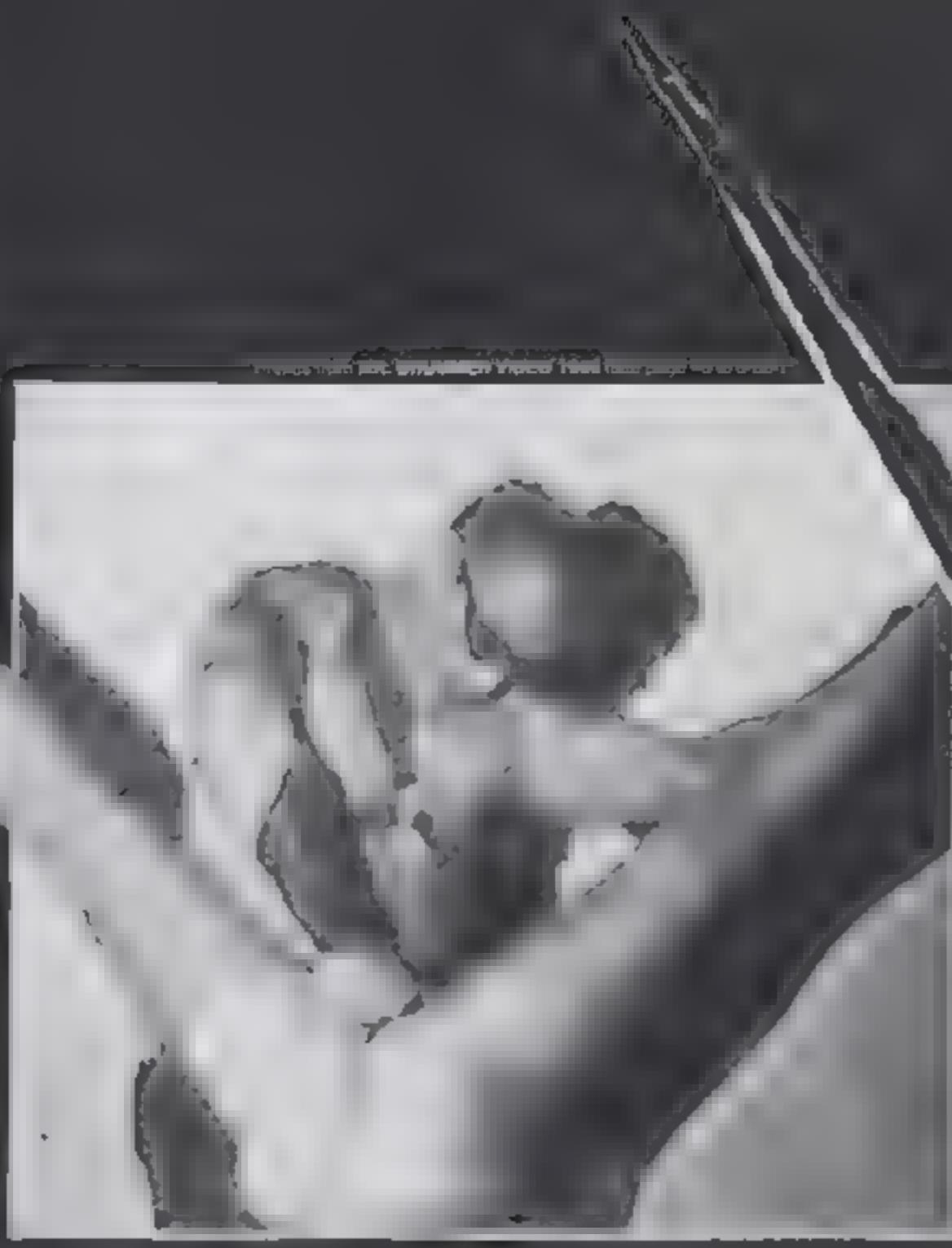
T S. Eliot

In the summer of '77 I set up a scene between JimEd and my then lover as my birthday present to my main man JimEd met him at a bar put an eyeless hood on my lover drove him around a while and then drove him to my house JimEd threw him over one shoulder and carried him into my play room for a hot scene My lover had no idea where he was and I got to watch JimEd play with him for several hours Later JimEd and I ate birthday pie off my lover's chest with great relish candles burning all the while I shall never forget never

Today I learned of JimEd's death and a part of me went with him for he has been one of the village elders a keeper of the sacred flame I took my Harley up through Griffith Park earlier on a sort of memorial ride I listened to the wind whistling past my ears listened for any whispering that may have been there rather like the oracles at Delphi leaning over that crack in the earth inhaling the vapors hopeful of some sign I heard sounds but I do not know what they meant I tried to think on what might make my sorrow lighter and suddenly I thought of JimEd playing with my friends Larry Hunt Bruce Rapp Mike Cabalin and other village elders who have also left and so a smile graced my sad wet lips I shall do Thirteen Strokes and smartly in your honor this year at Inferno Goodbye my friend

Greg Baldwin





"That's your competition?" I was told when someone handed me a newspaper photograph of Jim Ed Thompson in a leather harness. Taking in his stature, physique, and dramatic style at a glance, I answered, "There's no competition—he's the winner." Dozens of leathergays were still checking into the hotel in Chicago, the city where the International Mr. Leather contest occurs each year, and many of the contestants had never crossed paths. Much of the leather world was still new to me, but Jim Ed struck me as being an archetypal leatherman in image.

And in person he and his lover, Chris Burns, were quite striking. At a leather party the night before the contest, both started the crowd like Moses parting the waves, leaving a wake of astonished admirers. Oh, and maybe a few envious leathergays. Jim Ed and Chris later told me that they'd overheard one person say as they passed by, "These guys are not nice." Their sense and chosen reputation had obviously preceded them once again.

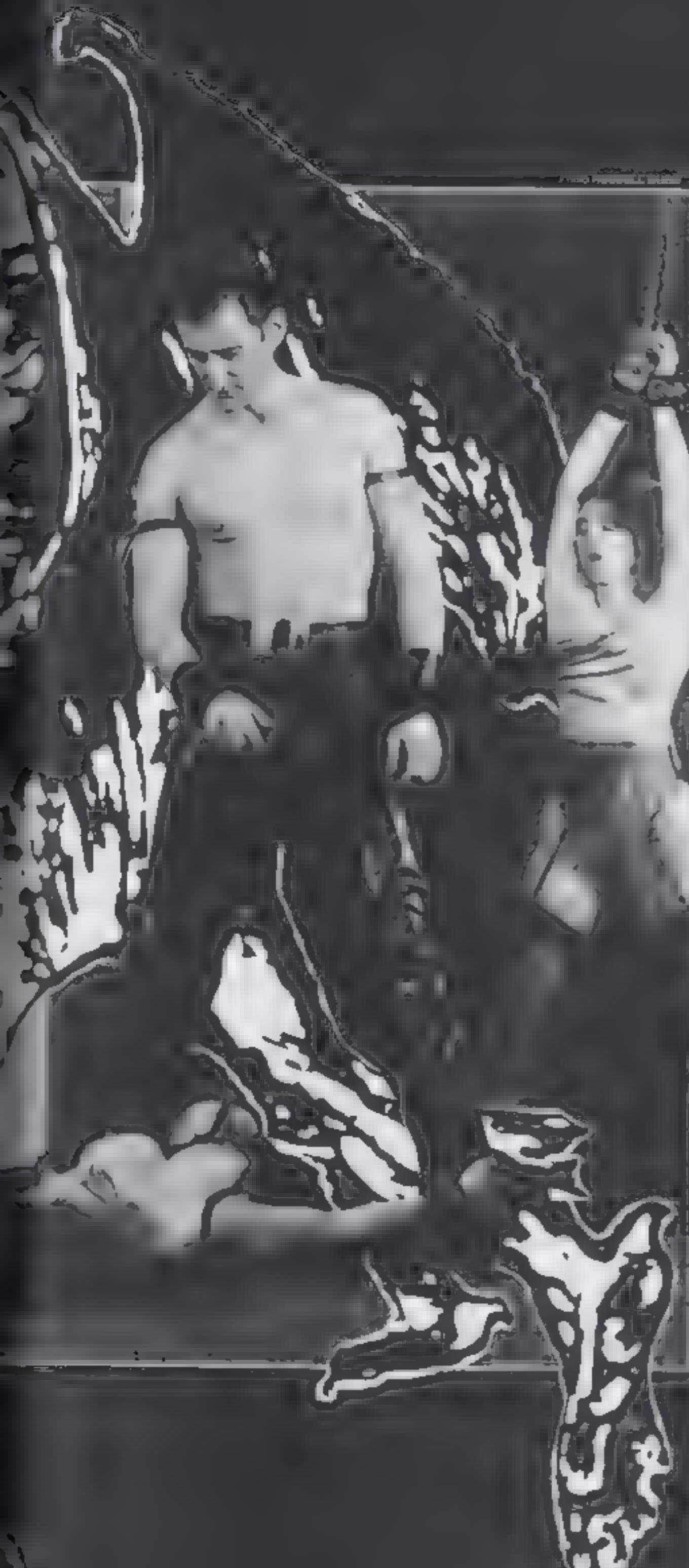
I'm looking now at a photo of them naked at that party, and it's clear why they provoked strong reactions—they pioneered, for example, a leather image I can only describe as a wild mix of Pumped-Up Punk, Samoan Guardsman, and Road Warrior. Both stood side by side, proud of each other, sporting slightly spiky brush-cut hair and just enough oil on their skin to catch the light. Chris wore a padlocked chain round his shins, chains on his arms, and tit-rings. Jim Ed wore knives, a miniature sword piercing his nipple, and a spiky harness; leather-arm-guard had a window cut away to reveal a dragon tattoo. In one hand, Jim Ed clutched a leather jacket with these words embossed on the back: **EXPECT NO MERCY**.

These guys were as beyond-the-beyond that I immediately took a liking to them before being introduced. At the contest itself, Jim Ed Thompson, Peter Gallo, and I were judged the winners, and the voting was as close as to make the counting academic. The three of us went on to enjoy the glory and endure the headaches as much like a team as possible, traveling together to our home cities, and riding floats naked in gay pride parades. We fried our butts sitting on the hood of a parade truck in San Francisco, dressed only in sheets and leather jackets. On those occasions, no fundamentalists were waving banners such as *AIDS Is the Wrath of God*. I had the pleasure of mocking them in return. Curiously, this shocked a few leathergays, who felt that an International Mr. Leather should conduct himself with the dignity of the Pope or the President. But Jim Ed, who had grown accustomed to as usually-corrected behavior, simply widened his eyes.

Jim Ed was a strong individualist, with an equally strong sense of community. He had no patience with any would-be dictators of leather conformity. If we join the leather community to break the mold of the annual Dross for Success fashion show, then why not be free to break even the mold of the leather world? That's the daring and critical spirit I admired in him, though my own leather gear is fairly conventional. Jim Ed was a political for the same idea he had no strong loyalty to the Two-Party System. But he was deeply political in the ancient Greek sense of "polis," the public world of citizens. In that public world of the gay and leather communities of San Francisco, he shouldered his share of responsibility. He lived many lives in one, and had many stories to tell. Not once did he talk like a spoiling brat in any man-spirited group in my presence. Of course he knew some deep shit about various characters in the leather scene, coast-to-coast, and even worldwide. But he presented this information like a philosopher, searching for the deeper gem of meaning, whether odd or humorous. There were times when I felt out of my depth in the sudden publicity and fantasy-lives of scoundrels after the contest, and then Jim Ed helped me regain my bearings with a few choice words. He loved the limelight, but he was not an egomaniac. He enjoyed the friction and athleticism of SM, but he was also a tender man. He and Chris Burns made an extraordinary couple.

In the continuing medical and political crisis of AIDS, I lost my chance to visit Jim Ed one more time before he died. Here in Philadelphia, City Councilman Francis Rafferty has been spreading misinformation about AIDS, as well as encouraging a climate of hatred against gay people. myself was recently beaten by two thugs who announced, "We're for Rafferty and we're for the majority." Members of our community have been arrested for protesting a criminally negligent state AIDS budget, and over a thousand of us protested at City Hall. But in the midst of these events, I had the sudden impulse to call Jim Ed shortly before he died, and even though his voice was weaker than I had ever heard it, I also took strength from his own spirit to continue the fight here at home. By remembering his generosity, his integrity, his sexual pride and playful spirit, we also remember him into our daring and diverse community, and reclaim him for our past, present, and future.

—Scott Tucker



I wasn't even 100% that JimEd became "my" SM master. I was first introduced to JimEd by his old friend and colleague from the H.O.M. days, photographer Russell Budd. Budd was staying with mutual friends in San Francisco, recuperating from a back injury and JimEd was managing their apartment house.

JimEd was one of the most beautiful men I'd ever seen: soft-spoken, with just a trace of what sounded like Southern drawl. We talked casually of this and that, neither of which was SM-related in the least. After all, I wasn't even sure I was interested in SM, let alone that he was. Several months later, after much persuasion and more than a little acknowledgement, I agreed to watch *Journey into Pain*, a visually-beautiful SM video, with JimEd as The Top, and said to be one of the hottest ever made. It was the first real (or even fake) SM I had ever seen, and I was utterly blown away, terrified and totally turned on. My dreams that night were hot, scary and VERTIGO. My fantasies, such as they were, have ever since almost always included JimEd.

Fortunately, my real life has also included him, but in very different terms. After all, there was no possibility that the part of me that's a seriously submissive masochite was going to get JimEd to help her live out her outrageous fantasies. And I think it was precisely that fact that part of me was irretrievably in love with a man who was not the least bit interested in me in that way, that helped me learn one of my most important life lessons. Doesn't, can't, won't deny the wonderful feeling of being insanely in love with JimEd, but somehow was able to move that emotion entirely into the real (but that belongs to the submissive masochist, who understands deep in her soul that she's lucky to get a smile, that there was no way in the world she could get her hottest fantasies fulfilled by that man, and that, because she is submissive, that's exactly the way it SHOULD be. That part of me is able to luxuriate in the wonderful feeling of being in love and/or lust without any expectation of response from the person she's in love with.)

The outcome is that I can allow myself the full range of feelings toward people I care about without allowing the ones that could create awkwardness to intrude between us. What am I talking about?

A few months after saw *Journey into Pain*, I gave JimEd blonde to the person who is sometimes my Master. I allowed myself to begin exploring deeply into the submissibe masochist part of me I had not known existed only a little while before. I became involved in SM organizations and met more people like myself: smart, exciting, some of them conventionally pretty to look at, some of them not, but all of them sharing an interest, to whatever degree, in this beautiful way of relating to others. Among the people I met were more leathermen, gay men who did not, probably, some would, have any sexual interest in me. I was able to allow myself to feel all the emotions I had toward them, including the wildest of SM lust, but channelling the awkwardness (that wild SM lust) into the submissive masochist, where it stays, not intruding on what has become some of the friendships I cherish most of all. JimEd and I stayed loosely in touch. We started out working together on the 1987 International Ms Leather activists and wound up with serious disagreements and pain on both sides. But when I was invited to edit *The Sadomasochistic Guardian* and *Dungeon Journal*, JimEd greeted me as a valued colleague, an equal, laying aside previous differences of opinion in favor of working side by side on our respective publications.

I never really knew where I fitted into JimEd's life. I never knew how he valued his friendship with me. What I do know is being exactly who he is, he helped me find a very important part of myself, encouraged me and supported it. JimEd was a role model in some ways and I have grown some of who I am in the result of having had JimEd Thomas in my life, and as long as I live, and as long as people whose lives I've touched live, just as long will JimEd live.

—Carol Truscott

JimEd Thompson

was a guy like no other, I've known and loved him for many years, and was always glad when our paths crossed once again.

His warm and caring ways were combined with a genuinely masculine presence. On the most personal level he was always intense, always creative, and with wonderful self-confidence. He was one of the rare individuals who managed to live the fantasy.

Those of you who didn't know him personally most likely knew him to one degree or another through his work at Drummer and other publications over the years. He's given us all a lot of pleasure, a lot of himself. And if I might add, he was instrumental in getting me to print up my current collection of drawings.

It saddens me that he died at such a young age, like so many other fine men. Let this remind us all to be aware NEVER to let our guard down, even for a moment.

You may not be here with us now, JimEd, but know that I, for one, will not forget you.

Your friend, Jakal

Do you know someone who deserves to be a DRUMMERMAN? We're talking respect, dedication, involvement, and how it all comes together as leathercelebration. Send your nominations to DRUMMER, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

It has always been those men who have, against the grain of both home and hetero public understanding and acceptance, made realities of their fancies that I admire most. Perhaps, more specifically, from my personal understanding and acceptance, those men who have practised reality in the dungeons formed of their fancies.

In the early seventies, before there was a Zeta Studios, and before he became a friend, JimEd Thompson was a champion of that fantasy closest to my closeted, nut-masculine men in bondage. When he was House of Milan's series editor of male bondage publications, entitled "Action Male," I wrote Mr. Thompson a fan letter thanking him for putting leatherbound Gregg Strom in my grateful left hand, leaving free my very determined right hand for extended and spirited auto-phallic abuse. I thought JimEd Thompson's vision was the second coming. And in the early months of our friendship, I helped oversee JimEd as my across-the-hall neighbor in an old and architecturally "Hollywood Castle" apartment building that just begged for a dungeon.

During the first few days of his residence I nearly caulked my ear, pressing it against a glass paneled against the common wall that separated our apartments... listening. Listening to chains and heavy metal accoutrements clanking. Massive beams being dragged across the floor, chain-hoisted, and pounded into position. Could it be? Would he dare? Yes. JimEd Thompson was installing a dungeon in Mary Pickford's very own pre-Pickfair pad—the venerable Trianon. A Hollywood landmark. A historical architectural monument to excess. Wow!

To me, the sexiest of JimEd's qualities was his mystery. Deep, dark mystery. And despite his audacious public image, JimEd honed his private mystery to a fine art and wore it like armor. It drove me crazy that he kept his Trianon dungeon a mystery, sharing only the sounds of his technique, equipment, and muffled moans through our common wall. Late one night, or rather early that same morning, as I lay awake estimating the pounds of beefcake being hoisted off the floor in the mystery room next to mine, there came a knock at my door. It was JimEd, cuffed, bare-assed, harnessed, and awesome in the reality of his fantasy. Every muscle busing. Every ripple glistening with sweat. Every inch the Top I wanted to become, and in every commanding detail the Top he chose to be that night.

"Good morning, Mikal. I know you were awake. I'd like to show you something."

At that very instant, the front door of my apartment became the closet door of my fantasy. When I walked through it and into the reality of JimEd's fantasy, those few steps changed my life completely. Suspended by his wrists in the center of the room (which was, by the way, exactly as I had imagined it would be) was a hooded bodybuilder of impressive proportions twisting slowly in the half light. JimEd had obviously been hard at work. No wonder he said, "I'm bushed. I've gotta crash for a few hours. He's yours." My immediate concern was that my knees would buckle before my first lesson-session commenced. My knees didn't and don't, but every session is still a learning experience.

There are five men responsible for the inception of Zeta Studios & Publications: my friend and partner Jim Hawkins for his honesty and business acumen; author Harold Robbins for his gritty world-wise advice; my father for his understanding, acceptance, and financial backing; Colt's Jim French because he never tied 'em up; and JimEd Thompson for his teachings, vision, and encouragement. Thank you, JimEd. I miss you.

Mikal Bales/Zeta

Mr. Drummer Contest Update

Contest Finals and Show September 24th, 1988

by Ken Lackey

PAST WINNERS

There are some advantages to having spent a large hunk of one's sniffing around for a man. Even if you meet the MEN. If you're patient and observant, the leathergods who populate the pages of Drummer can be seen making the scene, and you find yourself smack in the middle of your own fantasy. If you're lucky and a little bold, you can approach these superstud and know them for what they are: your brothers.

It has been my good fortune to get to know the men who have held the Mr. Drummer title, with the exception of VAL MARTIN, the original Mr. Drummer and JOHN GARGER, who was chosen in 1983. Considered collectively or individually, the past Mr. Drummers are much more than mere prettyboy pin-up models. They are hot fucking MEN in leather, living this lifestyle in a public venue and thereby making it easier for their brothers to follow their example. Trailblazers, innovators, warriors and mighty masculine men.

In 1982 LUKE DANIEL not only captured the Mr. Drummer title, but also represented Drummer at International Mr. Leather, and was victorious there as well. SONNY CLINE, Mr. Drummer 1984 ended the long-standing "Can a bottom win a leather title?" controversy. His fantasy was not only very exciting and theatrical. See the MEN Mr. Drummer '84 video), it was also revolutionary in that Sonny was the first to have things done TO him onstage, as opposed to controlling all the action himself. STEVE REISWIG, who walked off with the title in '85, also broke new ground with his fantasy presentation. In addition to showing off Steve's erotic physique in fantasy (so that a serious theme in which Steve, representing the Spirit of Leathermen everywhere, rescues his own life in the spectre of AIDS. This is the place where we fervently wish life would imitate art. MIKE MURRAY, Mr. Drummer '86, will co-emcee this year's event along with Marga Gomez. Mike is a man of rare warmth, charm and affability. He confides that his secret fantasy is to see Drummer readers beating off a over him. We're sure our obliging readers will jump at the chance to make Mike's fantasy a reality. What do you mean, you already have? The reigning Mr. Drummer, MARK ALEXANDER is a leather showman par excellence. Besides being featured in the pages of Drummer, Mark has also appeared in videos for the Kink Products most notably the recent "Leather Report."



JUDGES

As we go to press, the judging panel for Mr. Drummer 1988 stacks up as follows:

Affectionately known as "Daddy Tight Ropes," MIKAL BALES is, with his partner Jim Hawkins, the genius behind Zeus Studios. Mikal was the Master of Ceremonies at the 1987 Mr. Drummer contest. He is the author of the classic *Sado Island*.

As the internationally renowned erotic artist Etienne, DOM OREJUDOS has been an acknowledged expert on the symbolism of masculinity since designing the murals of Chicago's famous Gold Coast bar. Dom has been associated with the International Mr. Leather contest, serving as dean of judges since its inception.

International Mr. Leather 1988, MICHAEL PEREYRA is making friends, headlines and money for charity wherever he goes. And since being selected as IML in May, Mike has traveled all over the country with a dazzling smile for everyone he meets.

The kinkoid king of the camcorder, JACK FRITSCHER is a name that is indelibly associated with Drummer magazine. As a former editor of Drummer, as a frequent contributor to its pages, and as the driving force behind the innovative Palm Drive Video line, Jack knows exactly what DrummerMen are all about.

The reigning Mr. Drummer, MARK ALEXANDER is an erotic performance artist of rare power and has been featured as coverman of Drummer 108 and 115. We congratulate Mark on a fine year as Mr. Drummer.

Mr. New York Leather 1985, HENRY ROMANOWSKI is an officer of the Artry Foundation and is active in the production of the Mr. New York Leather contest. Henry's tantalizing form has graced the pages of several Desmodus and Zeus publications, often in the company of his very significant other, Mr. FRED KATZ, frequent DungeonMaster coverman, who will again serve as Tafl Master for the 1988 Mr. Drummer contest.

Schedule of Remaining Regional Events:

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer
Aug. 19
Detroit Eagle, Detroit, MI

Mr. Midwest Drummer
Aug. 21
The Dock, Cincinnati, OH
Mr. Great Plains Drummer
Aug. 26-27
Windjammer, Kansas City, MO

Mr. Northwest Drummer
Sept. 4
Celebrities, Vancouver, BC
Mr. East Canada Drummer
MC Faucon, Montreal, PQ

A HOT DRUMMER NIGHT

MR. DRUMMER 1988 FINALS

SEPTEMBER 24

8:00 PM

THE GALLERIA

FOR TICKET INFORMATION, CONTACT:

UP YOUR ALLEY PRODUCTIONS

(415) 864-6435



**Mr. Southern California Drummer
Mark Klein**

Photo by Michael Vukelich

Local Sponsor: Der Wolf, San Diego, CA
Regional Sponsor: Probe Hollywood, CA

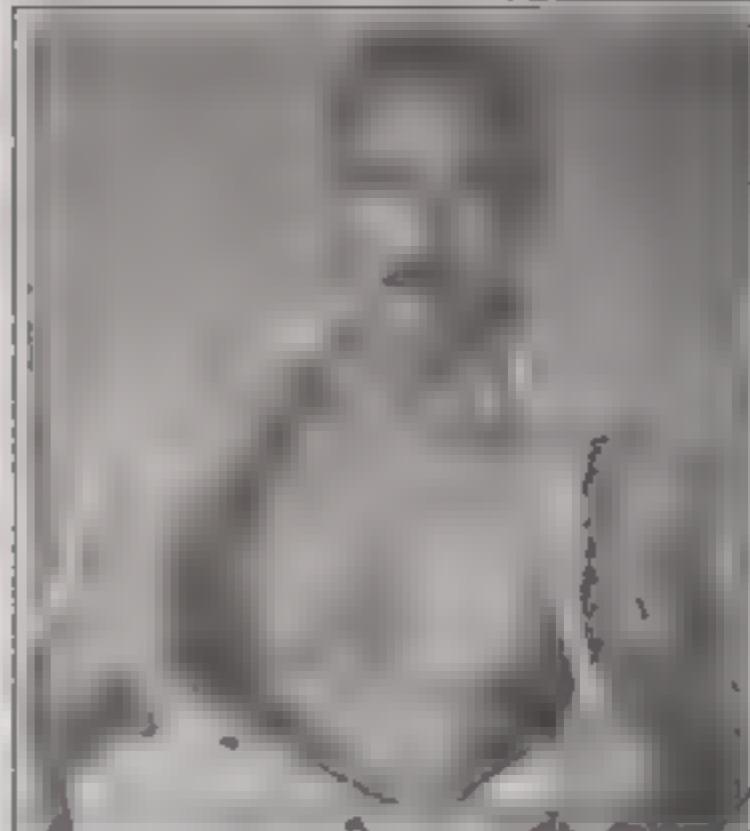
30-year-old Mark Klein, a bartender at San Diego's Der Wolf, hopes to be the third consecutive Mr. Drummer to hail from Southern California. A well proportioned 6'2", 210 lbs, bodybuilding stud, Mark is also very well-known for his activity in San Diego's leather community. To see just how active Mark can be, you'll have to attend the Finals at the Galleria in SF!



**Mr. Southeast Drummer
Marcos**

Photo courtesy Tacky's
Regional Sponsor: Tacky's, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Forget Ferdinand and Imelda! The Marcos to look for will be representing the Southeast as the sixth candidate sponsored by Tacky's in the Mr. Drummer finals. Tacky's is the only sponsor to participate in every Mr. Drummer contest, and we're sure Marcos will be an exciting entrant. From his beefy tits to his elegant sneer, he looks ready to perform.

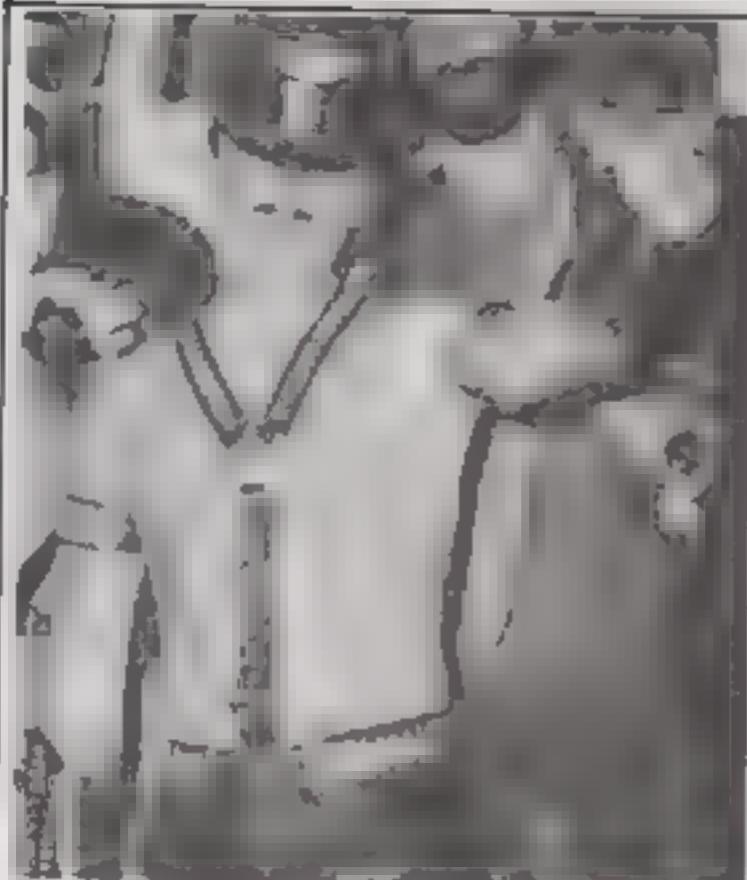


**Mr. Northern California Drummer
Jim Kahl**

Photo courtesy Up Your Alley Productions

Regional Sponsor: Up Your Alley Productions, San Francisco, CA

Long and lean Jim Kahl has become a familiar face around Folsom Street. Since he won his title on June 10, Jim has been working his butch ass off for charity fundraisers in innovative ways. As the representative of the host city, Jim is organizing a special auction of all fifteen regional Mr. Drummers to be held on Wednesday, September 21 at the SF Eagle, beginning at 8:00 pm. Bid on a dinner date with your favorite stud! Proceeds from the auction will go to the AIDS Emergency Fund.



Mr. Northeast Drummer John Scancarella

Photo by John P. Kenny

Local Sponsor Artry Foundation
New York City, NY

Regional Sponsor Shaltway Productions,
New York City, NY

If you attended this year's International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago, you'll remember John as a semi-finalist and we're proud to have him competing for Mr. Drummer as well. John hails from Passaic Park, NJ, where he runs his own flora business. Drummer looks forward to seeing him strut his (5'8", 140 juicy lbs.) stuff in September.



Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer Ric Turner

Photo by M. Pram

Local Sponsors: Vanguards MC and the
Biketop, Philadelphia, PA

Regional Sponsor RES Productions
Charlotte, NC

As we told you last month, Ric won his title by undergoing the intense persona scrutiny of a celebrity-studded judging panel including one Mr. Drummer two IMLs, and that infamous erotic artist, the Hun. Nice work if you can get it! We applaud their choice—Ric seems to be every inch a Drummer Daddy—and again give special thanks to Robert Sheets, who produced the event in Charlotte.

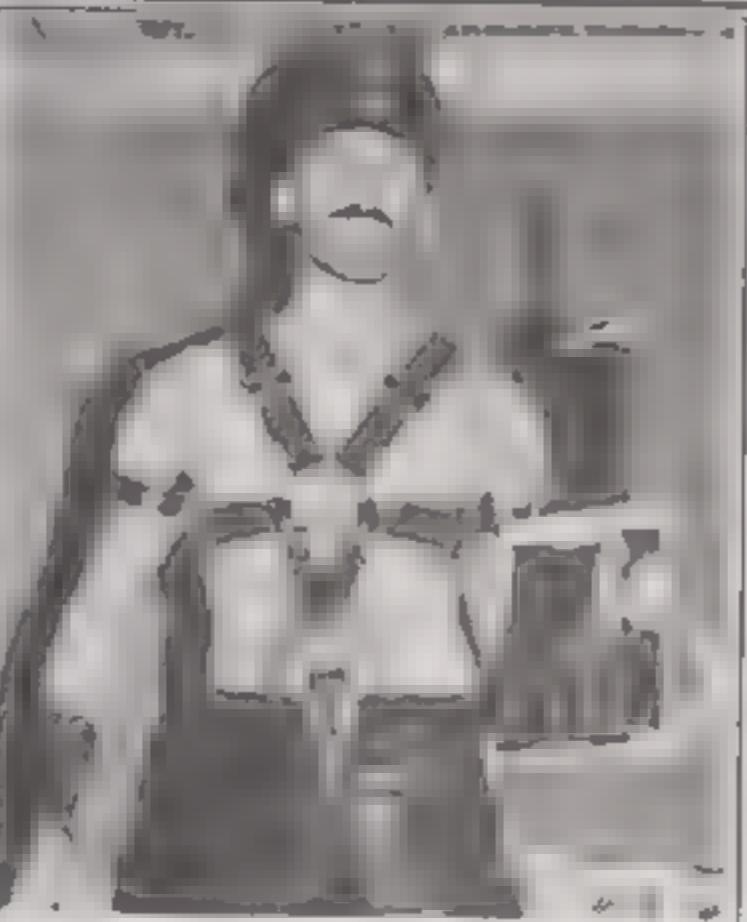


Mr. New England Drummer Joe Mancini

Photo courtesy The Underground

Regional Sponsor The Underground, Portland, ME

A 23-year-old Shipping Supervisor, Joe is our youngest candidate chosen this year to date. However, his sponsor assures us he has been into leather for several years and is very experienced. Uh-huh and mol vated! Joe was second runner-up to Mitch Davis in last year's Mr. New England Drummer contest and this year he succeeds Mitch in fine form (I'd love to succeed with Mitch but that's another story...). Joe stands 5'4" tall and weighs in at 170 well rounded. Presently, Joe has no tattoos or permanent piercings, but wait till we get our hands on him in September!

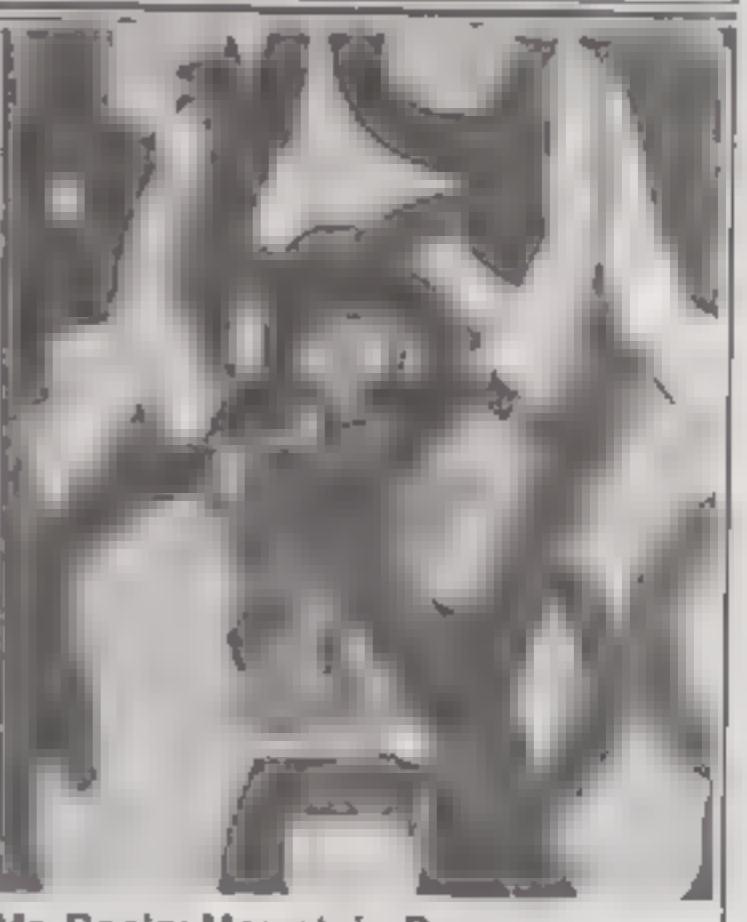


Mr. Dixie Drummer Chris Minor

Photo courtesy The Eagle, Atlanta

Regional Sponsor The Eagle, Atlanta, GA

An Atlanta native and a six-footer, Chris Minor is a politically active leatherman who has been involved in fundraising for local AIDS service organizations, as well as for the NAMES Project and other worthy causes. Chris divides his professional time between construction work and bartending, and plans a career in law enforcement. What's more, he still finds time to look edible, whether lounging on a fire hydrant or hanging from a chain-link fence. We're sure that Chris will more than live up to his steamy photos.



Mr. Southwest Drummer Wes Decker

Photo by M. Pram

Regional Sponsors: Chutes and Falcon
Leathers, Houston, TX

The pride of Houston, OK, Wes is a bartender at the Ripcord in Houston, TX. Wes rode off victoriously on his second attempt after placing third in last year's Mr. Southwest Drummer contest, proving that perseverance does pay off. Wes has a background in Social Work. He'll just bet wears a size 11-D boot you know what they say about that, and looks like one tough tumbleweed indeed.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer Chuck Smuckler

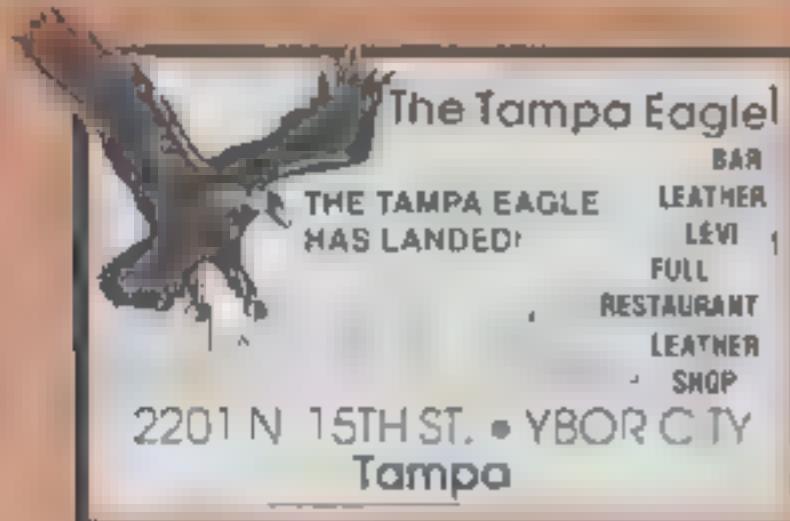
Photo by LHM, Denver

Regional Sponsor Galerie Leon, Denver, CO

Our very hairy rock-hard mountain of a man, Chuck Smuckler was just chosen at an event held at Tracks in Denver sponsored by Galerie Leon. Drummer is very glad to have this area of the country represented again and we can't imagine a better choice than Chuck, who is a former Mr. Leather Colorado and competed at IML in 1986. A landscaper by trade, Chuck is 35 years old, stands 5'10" and is a Top. He lists tie clamps, ropes and belts among his favorite toys and says he likes a man "with a strong chest."

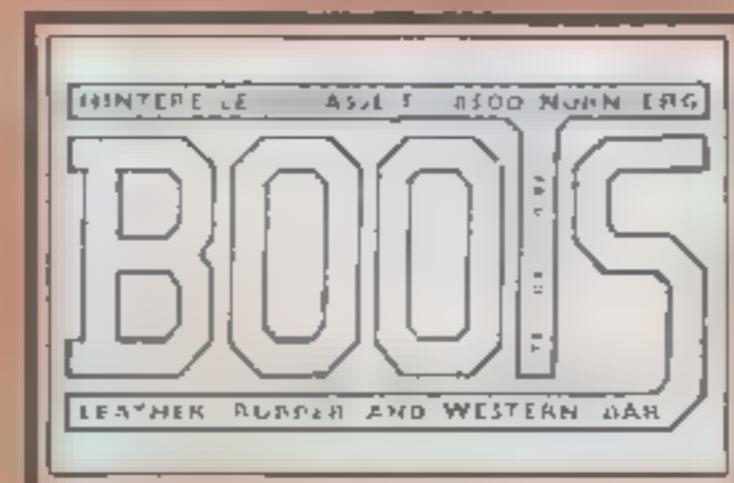


CROSSROADS WHERE LEATHERMEN MEET



CROSSROADS
Where Leathermen Meet
By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen
By accepting their ad, Drummer is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars. In other areas they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize
Help us alert Drummer readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fiederaus

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BAR
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(215) 627-1662

ghoster's

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6112 VENICE BLVD. LA
(213) 935-1275

DRUGSTORE

BACKYARD

2509 W. BROWARD BLVD.
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL



306 PONCE DE LEON AVE.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
404-87-EAGLE

YOUR FAVORITE
BAR
COULD BE HERE
SEE ABOVE FOR INFORMATION

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction please do so.

*(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, homo-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest for fetish club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster; they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for

clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. A special indication is placed beside men's Leather, Levi-motorcycle or social clubs. (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or delinquent organizations will be appreciated.

USA & CANADA Clubs have been broken into two parts: A-L will be listed in the next issue and M-Z will be listed in # 20.

M.A.R.A. Inc.
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60622

Meisters der Männer

Men of Dungeons

Men of Leather

M.L.L.A.

Motorcyclists

Muscle Mates FN

National Coalition Against

Censorship (NCAAC)
123 W 43rd St
New York, NY

National Leather Association
NLA National
3 NLA, Seattle
PO Box 17436
Seattle, WA 98107-0461

National Leather Association
Mixed S/M NLA Inc
PO Box 76827 Station K
Vancouver BC
V5R 5S6

*The New Tribe MC (NTMC)
PO Box 90641
Columbus, SC 29209-064

New World Rubber New F/F
C/o Bill Bailey
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LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

SEPTEMBER

- 1-5 • Ft. Walldorf IV—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ
- 2-4 • 10th A.M.G/Summerfest M.A.F.I.A., Chicago.
- Flight 4 & Mr. Southern Leather Contest - Wings MC, Admiral Benbow Inn, Memphis, TN.
- 2-5 • 20th Anniversary Run—The Texas Riders, Buzzards Peak
- Leif Erikson Run in New Hampshire— Vikings MC, Boston.
- Firedance II—Firedancers; Dallas.
- Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco
- Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest—Mack's Leathers, Celebrities, Vancouver, BC.
- Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- Program—NLA, Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA.
- 8-11 • INFERNO XVII—Chicago Hellfire Club, Douglas, MI
- 8 • M.A.F.I.A. Social, Chicago.
- 9 • Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 10 • Potluck—Diablo Deviates, Concord, CA
- 11 • Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 14 • Kumpertreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen
- 16-18 • 18th Birthday Party—MS Amsterdam; Amsterdam
- Conquest '88—Conquistadors, Orlando, FL
- 5th Anniv. Celebration—Cowtown Leathermen, Ft. Worth, TX.
- 17 • Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15, SF
- Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
- 17-18 • Ride/Bar Night—Thunderbolts MC, Bike Stop, Philadelphia.
- 21 • Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
- 21-22 • Leather Pride Weekend, San Francisco.
- IFMA Internationale Fahrrad und Motorrad— MS Panther; Kolin, West Germany.
- 22 • Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The Powerhouse, SF
- 23-24 • 2nd Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social Repression: Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties, San Francisco
- 23-26 • Oktobertesstreften—MLC Munchen; Munich.
- 23 • Leather Pride Party—Up Your Alley Productions, San Francisco.
- 24 • Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals; The Galena, SF.
- Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 5th Anniv. Party—Illustrated Men; North Hollywood, CA.
- 25 • Folsom Street Fair; SF
- 19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver
- 30-2 • 14th Anniv.—Knights d'Orleans, New Orleans.
- Copenhagen Black Touch 1988—Scandinavian Leather Men & others; Copenhagen, Denmark

OCTOBER

- 1-2 • Anniversary VI—VASM; Vancouver, BC
- Commander's Mystery Ride—Batalion MC; Dallas.
- 2-4 • Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- Bunkhouse I—Cincinnati Chaps, Cincinnati, OH
- Fountain of Youth, 1988—Adventurers-Sun-coast MC; St. Petersburg, FL
- 1 • Living In Leather III—National Leather Association; Seattle
- Annual Review—American Uniform Association; Atlanta.
- 4 • Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 8-9 • Fall Foliage Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Whitcomb's Summit, MA.
- 8-10 • NAMES Project Quilt on the Mall—Washington, DC
- 9 • Potluck—Diablo Deviates, Concord, CA.
- 10 • Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 11-16 • Birthday Event—MSC London; London
- 11-12 • Mad Doctors Party—The 15; SF.
- Octobertest '88/19th Anniv.—Vanguards MC, Philadelphia
- 12-13 • 20th Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers MC, Denver.
- 13-14 • Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
- 13-15 • Party—Diablo Deviates, Concord, CA.
- 13-15 • Fetish & Fantasy Ball II—NLA; BC, Celebrities, Vancouver.

NOVEMBER

- 1 • Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle.
- 1 • Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
- 4 • Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.
- Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC, Roermond, The Netherlands
- 3 • Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 4-5 • ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf, Dusseldorf.
- 5 • Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 15 • Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 16-17 • Jail House Party—The 15, SF
- 16-17 • Arizona Brotherhood Run—Arizona Brotherhood Committee

DECEMBER

- 1 • Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA.
- 1 • Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
- Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremberg
- Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- Christmas Party—Batalion MC, Dallas.
- Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver
- 14-15 • Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 15-16 • Christmas Party—City Bikers; Denver.
- 15-16 • Christmas Party—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix.

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